

# *The* SILENT WORKER



VIEW OF PRAGUE - HRADCANY.

THIS NUMBER  
CONTAINS PARTICULARS OF THE  
**INTERNATIONAL**  
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# *The National Association of the Deaf* and *The Silent Worker*

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**This MAGAZINE is always found in the homes of all up-to-date deaf and on the tables of many of their hearing friends. It keeps you posted on what is taking place in the world of the Deaf. It gives you viewpoints not brought out in any other paper of the Deaf.**

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# *The Silent Worker*

*An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World*

Volume 40. No. 9

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## Deaf Persons of Note



N. M. Yates, City Treasurer of Monroe City, Mo.

## Table of Contents

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	PAGE
Little Journeys in Bohemia .....	Kelly H. Stevens 363
Angelenograms .....	Augusta K. Barrett 367
Et Cetera .....	J. H. Mueller 370
The Funks of Topeka .....	T. S. Williams 372
The Argonaut .....	J. W. Howson 374
Nadio .....	J. Frederick Meagher 378
A New Star in Silent Art .....	383
Editorials .....	384
With the Silent Workers .....	Alexander L. Pach 386
The Life of a Lousy Extra .....	Albert V. Ballin 388
Sports in General .....	Frederick A. Moore 390
With Our Southern Spokesman .....	392
The Long Horns .....	Troy E. Hill 394
National Association of the Deaf .....	Frederick A. Moore 397
The Bayou City .....	Gordon B. Allen 400
A Valued Depiction .....	402
Minnesota School for the Deaf Hi-Y Club .....	403
International Congress at Prague .....	404
Of Interest to the Housewife .....	Betty Barclay 405
The Deaf World .....	406





*The Castle of Chillon, with its magnificent setting*

## Little Journeys in Bohemia

By Kelly H. Stevens

*Lugano, Switzerland, May 3rd.*



ESTERDAY I went to Como at the lower end of the lake of that name. Como is a lovely, clean, little town bounded by remains of mediaeval walls. Its cathedral is really fine. After you have seen that, and looked up the statue of Volta, and taken coffee under the arcades which characterize the streets and squares, Swiss fashion, there is not very much else to do. There is a lovely view up the lake. All along the lake shore, on a bright morning, you see lines of women down on their knees, washing clothes and beating out the dirt upon the stones of the embankment.

Today I did some travelling. Left Como this morning on a steamer bound up the lake. The bright sun permitted us to have our lunch at tables on deck. Every little while we would stop at some bright gem of a village crowding so close to the lake that you could almost touch the houses from the boat. For hour after hour the Alpine panorama slipped by. Cloud-capped or snow-capped by turns, these vast granite bulks towered over Lake Como. Presently, storm clouds came up and gave an added grandeur and severity to the scene. At Menaggio, at the further end of the lake, I disembarked and took a mountain railway. The whole scene changed. The lake dropped

the lake side and another boat. For the second time that day I embarked for a lake trip—sailed from Italy, and more than an hour later landed at Lugano in Switzerland, on Lake Lugano. It was the easiest passing of a frontier that I have yet experienced. The Swiss customs men



*On the Lake Como boat, gliding so close to the shore that one could almost touch the houses.*



*Wash day (which is every day) on Lake Como.*

to a tiny splotch below us. Wild flowers and meadows took the place of wavelets. Presently we crossed a divide and descended to Porlezza on Lake Lugano. We were still in Italy. At Porlezza the train took us directly to

were on the boat. While we were having tea below, they collected our passports examined them leisurely, and passed them around again. And as we neared Lugano, they looked at our baggage on deck, very perfunctorily. There was a general air of cheerfulness among the passengers. We seemed to have sailed out from under the atmosphere of suspicious vigilance which hovers over Italy and into the freedom and cheerfulness of a friendly republic.

Lugano is much more delightfully situated than Como. There is a beautiful harbor and an unfolding scene of mountains and snow-crowned Alps across the lake, seen from amidst blossoming fruit trees on this side. I had only part of an afternoon, and part of the next morning, but went on a long walk down the lake side and discovered a beautiful church with frescoes by Bernardo Luini which fully repaid me.

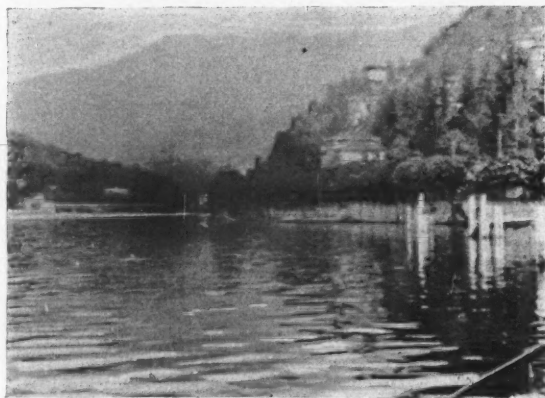
*Lucerne, May 5th.*

Yesterday, another long trip thru incomparable scenery. I took the mountain railway from Lugano to Fluelen at the end of the Lake of the Four Cantons, and there switched to boat again. Came up this lovely lake past the William Tell Chapel which occupies a rocky point on the



lake side. As you near Lucerne there are many picturesque little resorts that fringe the lake, and the noted statue of Christ which stretches its arms out as if blessing the lake from its rocky cliff.

Lucerne is delightfully familiar upon second visit—so friendly and quiet. I have done all the old things over



*Looking up Lake Como from Como*

again today, with as much relish as before. I went up to see the Lion, in his nook above the pool, and to see the marvelous Glacier Garden, and to stroll along the old walls and towers, and out into the meadows above the town, with their blossoming apple trees, and then down to the lake again to traverse the ancient Kappelbrücke or Chapel Bridge. This is an ancient, crazy, covered wooden bridge crossing the lake inlet diagonally. Its most curious feature is its series of paintings, triangular shaped wooden panels which picture the history of Lucerne and scenes from sacred history. There are about a hundred of these remarkable paintings, making the bridge a veritable picture gallery. Crossing the bridge in one direction you look at all the pictures on the side of the panel facing you, and coming back you study those on the opposite side. All are crudely painted, but extremely realistic and interesting. About midway along the bridge you come to the Water Tower, formerly used as a prison. For modern traffic, there is now a fine, wide stone bridge crossing the inlet near the Kappelbrücke.

Today I am in German Switzerland. Two days ago I was in Italian Switzerland, and two days from now I



*Lucerne, the Chapel Bridge and the Water Tower.*

shall be in French Switzerland. This route takes one thru the three parts and shows one the three different civilizations and cultures resting side by side under the same flag. There isn't any art in Switzerland to speak of. The landscape is grand, but you soon see enough of

lakes and mountains, and are ready to move on. Hence only seven days in this country against thirty in Italy. The high altitudes in hotel rates is another reason why Switzerland is best seen quickly.

#### *Montreux, May 8th.*

I am just delighted with Montreux. There was a long, all-day trip from Lucerne, by mountain railroads, with delightful dropping, shifting vistas, down to the lakes of Brienz and Thun, and a few hours at Interlaken. It does not pay to stop long here, unless you intend to make the ascent of the Jungfrau. This I had done before. At Spiez it was necessary to change to another mountain railway, one of the steepest and most remarkable in Switzerland. It takes you over the steep divide into French Switzerland. Up there I saw fields and fields of white Alpine narcissus. Presently it began to snow. Soon the whiteness of the snow was covering the purity and fragrance of the narcissus. It was like gilding the lily—this pure frozen sweetness covered with snow. After the train crossed the divide and began its descent, suddenly a great light shone from the west, gilding the snowy fields of flowers and touching the distant peaks with a warm glow. Far below me, like some magic lake in this weird light, I saw Lake Geneva, and beyond it the imposing array of the French Alps, over in Savoy. Soon, we were at Montreux, this gem of the lakes which I am seeing for the first time. I am spending the days



*The Lion of Lucerne.*

painting the panorama of the mountains of Savoy across the lake, and the Castle of Chillon with its background of the Dents du Midi.

Chillon, probably the most picturesque, and certainly one of the most interesting castles in Europe owes its fame chiefly to Byron's poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon." Here, in these towered rooms and in the dungeons below have passed scenes of the most shocking cruelty, some of the silent reminders of which yet remain. Here, within in the ancient walls and towers of the fortress have occurred events of war and peace that could inspire many poets with material, many novelists with plots and background to perpetuate the scenes that took place here. Chillon has tales to tell of greater grief and suffering than Byron dared to portray.

Chillon, in its smallness and near perfect preservation and its wonderful setting of mountain and lake, is the gem among mediaeval castles. It stands on a small rocky island, separated from the shore by a natural moat but a few feet wide. On the other side, facing the Savoyard mountains the rock plunges down almost vertically into the water to an immense depth. Thus nature had provided a perfect location for a fortress. Even in Roman times a fort existed on the island, flanked by fortifications on the main land. Up to the Thirteenth Century the

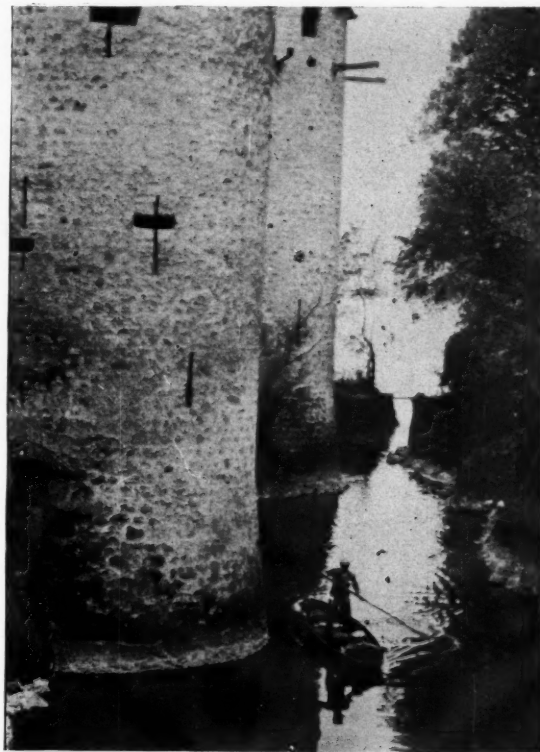
history of Chillon is very fragmentary. In the Twelfth Century the castle came into possession of the Dukes of Savoy and remained in their hands until the year 1536. One of the Dukes of Savoy, Amadeus III, became Pope under the title of Felix V, and came to reside in great splendor with his court at Chillon. This was in 1441. This splendid period lasted for eight years, until Felix renounced his claim to the tiara. The last Duke of Savoy to live at Chillon was Charles III, who was the persecutor of Bonivard, the famous "Prisoner." Charles lost the fortress in 1536 when it was captured by the Bernese.

The present edifice is almost entirely the result of constructions and enlargements commenced by Count Peter II, in 1250 and continued by his successors for more than fifty years. Thus it will be seen that the architecture of Chillon is of a very early period. In the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century an association was formed to restore and preserve the Castle. It is thanks to this association that we find the Castle in such perfect shape today, practically in its original condition. All the rooms, apartments, and halls have been carefully restored, and refurnished with mediaeval pieces, hangings, and arms. It is interesting to note the two great banqueting halls with their immense stone fireplaces, the more elegant quarters of the women the apartments of the lords, the ancient chapel, and the quarters of the servants and garrison.

The vast vaulted dungeon beneath the lordly quarters of the Dukes is known today as "Bonivard's Prison." Byron visited Chillon in 1816, and in this chamber he cut his name in the stone. This ancient chamber has for floor the living rock, very uneven, and its vaulted roof is upheld by seven columns. It was to the fifth of these that Bonivard was chained. A door at one side connects the dungeon with a small torture chamber, where the gibbet, still in place, attests to the terrible uses to which the room was put. This small room has a postern door giving on the lake, from which escape could be made in times of emergency, and a stair leading above floors to the apartments of the Dukes of Savoy.

Among the unfortunate persons who suffered here may be mentioned the Jews of Villeneuve, a near-by village, who were accused in 1348 of having poisoned the water and introduced the black death. Men, women, and children were burnt alive, wholesale, on this preposterous and absurd charge. Some Christians accused of complicity were condemned to suffer terrible deaths. Towards the end of the Sixteenth Century and well into the Seventeenth Century an appalling number of so-called witches

death with indescribable cruelty. In 1613, within four month's time, Chillon witnessed 27 capital executions of "sorcerers." In the summer of 1659 three people were burnt as witches—the last executions of this character



*The natural moat at Chillon, separating the Castle from the shore.*

which disgraced Chillon. By this time the witch scare which had covered all Europe and spread even to Massachusetts had died out. Henceforth, Chillon was to know only political prisoners.

Francois Bonivard, the famous "Prisoner" who inspired Byron's poem, was born about 1493 and died in 1570. He was educated for the church and became Prior of Saint Victor's Priory at Geneva. He took part on the side of Geneva in the struggles of that town with the Duke of Savoy, and thus won the enmity of the Duke, Charles III. In 1540 he was waylaid and abducted by the Duke who confined him in comfortable quarters in the Castle. Here he was detained for two years, but following one of the Duke's visits to the Castle about that time, he was put in fetters and chained to one of the pillars in the dungeon. Here he remained chained for nearly four years, until the Castle was stormed and taken by the Bernese, and he was set at liberty. The brothers mentioned in Byron's poem are purely imaginary, and so are most of the details of Bonivard's sufferings. Bonivard lived for about thirty-four years afterwards, to a ripe old age.

*Madrid, Spain, May 14th.*

Quite a long jump from Switzerland to Spain. As the time I had allowed myself was up, I hurried back to Paris, after stopping one morning at Geneva. It was Sunday, and very quiet, and I did not think Geneva very interesting just a large, clean town at the tail end of the lake, with no wide vistas of mountain and lake to charm one as at Montreux, Lucerne and Lugano. Got back to Paris on the tenth to find it jammed already with the



*The majestic Jungfrau seen from Interlaken*

and poor people accused of bearing somewhere on their bodies the marks of Satan were incarcerated here. These unhappy people were brutally tortured and then put to

summer tourists and with people who had left England to escape the great general strike. All hotels full, also my pension, but I located a room, however. There followed three hurried days. I oscillated between the tailor, the



*The towering turrets of Chillon.*

dentist and Jean's studio, and made a hundred and one preparations for the trip into Spain. The nicest part was the dentist—she was a lady-dentist and very agreeable. I enjoyed having her manicure my teeth. She had such nice fingers to try your new store teeth on. Crutch would have fallen strong for her, and devoted a whole article in the SILENT WORKER to her.

I just did manage to get everything ready in time and left Paris on the night of the 12th with four deaf French friends who were going to the Madrid convention. We left Paris at seven in the evening on the *Rapide*. Friends Herouard, Gaillard and Graff were with me in one compartment, Mademoiselle Colas was in another on the same car. How I do hate travelling by night in Europe!—and I've suffered lots of it lately—as Pullmans over here are lots more expensive than in America. Papa Gaillard sat next to me. It was like sleeping next to a jelly-fish. He is scarcely over four feet tall, and as big around as a barrel, and he shifted his position coughed, and wheezed all night long. Aside from all this, he was a fairly good cushion.

Shortly after daybreak we were at the frontier. Mademoiselle, who speaks Spanish, was a great help in getting us through the customs and on the train. At Irun the Dresse family, four deaf Belgians who had been in Biarritz for some days, joined us there, and we had a happy all-day trip down to Madrid.

Traveler: Why didn't they build this hotel more than three stories high?

Hop: Well, they figured to build it higher, but their elevator cable wasn't long enough to reach four stories.

—Oregon Orange Owl.

## "Pansy"

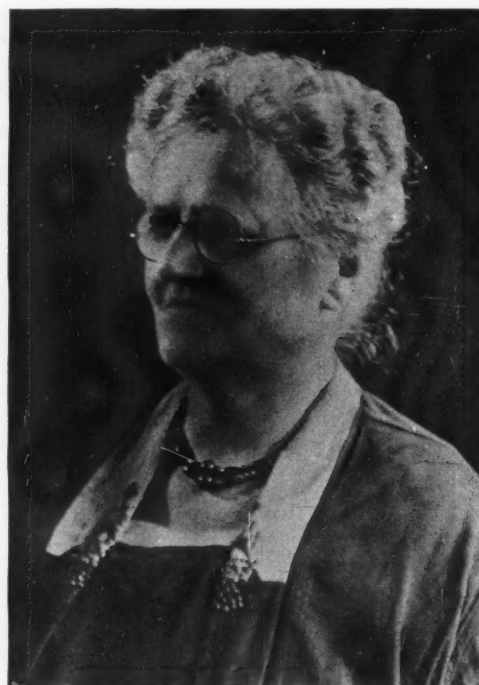


RS. GERTRUDE ETHEL MAXWELL NELSON, known as "Pansy" of the Press, was born at the Old Royal Hotel, Hamilton, Canada, December 15th, 1870.

She has, however, lived all her life in the United States, being educated and graduated from the Michigan State School at Flint, entering in 1879-80.

She graduated in 1887, returned to school and took a Post Graduate Course for two years' preparatory to entering Gallaudet College, but for certain reasons she did not enter college.

She has taken great interest in Church Work, started the seeds of Education in British India at Catcutta by collecting funds that opened a School for the Deaf there.



*Mrs. G. E. M. Nelson*

This work covered a period of three years from 1894 to 1897.

She is credited with founding the Ladies' Guild of Ephphatha Episcopal Mission for the Deaf of St. John's Church of Detroit, April 2nd, 1916, and has been a faithful stand-by ever since.

She was the general chairman of the late Banquet given in Detroit which celebrated the Golden anniversary of Ephphatha Episcopal Mission, Detroit.

She has always been most successful in everything she undertakes.

She is a "loving friend and helpmeet of the Rev. Mr. Smielau in his missionary work." She is a constant church worker and fittingly called the Shepherdess of the church flock.

She is a staunch supporter of the National Association for the Deaf.

MRS. C. C. COLBY.

One of our numerous foreign critics says: "American women do not show enough hauteur."

You can't expect them to show everything.

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.



# Angelenograms

By Augusta K. Barrett



WITHIN the big dining-room of the First Congregational Church there was a cheery scene the evening of February 28th, the occasion of the anniversary supper of the Sunshine Circle, of Los Angeles. The fire in the big fire-place gave a cozy air to the room, the rows of tables were covered with snowy cloths, and in the adjacent kitchen the big committee of ladies had everything ready for serving a good dinner at 50 cents a plate in cafeteria style. Then came a crowd of some 250 men, women, and children to sample the cooking of the Sunshine ladies who are noted as good cooks. The dinner was served from 5 to 8 o'clock, after this the crowd gathered in the Sunday School auditorium where a little play with "sweet charity" as the theme was given; one humorous act by Mrs. Julian Singleton and Mr. and Mrs. Hatcher, and the other a scene full of pathos depicting Mrs. Brooks as the destitute mother of several small children and Mrs. Dahl coming in with flowers and groceries sent by the Sunshine Circle. Mrs. Brooks, while not deaf herself, is interested in the work of the Circle. She is the daughter of deaf parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, and of course is an adept in signs. Many were moved to tears by the way she acted her part in the play. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Elliott, formerly of St. Paul, Minn., then gave a very pleasing rendition of "Yankee Doodle," dressed as George and Martha Washington, which is an innovation in giving this old favorite. Miss Alice Chenoweth and Mrs. Louie Waddell, two of the founders of the Circle, 14 years ago, each made a few remarks expressing their pleasure at the growth and record of good deeds of the society. Mrs. Addie Owen, Chairman, and Mrs. U. M. Cool and Mrs. F. E. Worswick rendered the thanks of the Committee for the attendance. Others on the committee were Mesdames N. V. Lewis, J. Singleton, M. Hatcher, R. LaMont, Z. B. Thompson, N. Roberts, J. Dyson, O. Smith, L. Brooks, H. Dahl, H. Kracke, J. Beck, F. B. Thompson and Miss Amma Yates.

The Sunshine Circle is a unique one as organizations go among the deaf, being a non sectarian society and the membership is composed of women of various religious denominations. It does not often happen that a needy deaf person makes a direct appeal to the Circle for help; generally the Sunshine ladies hear of such cases thru friends of the person or persons who have got into dire straits. They could tell some touching stories of cases of distress and how some of the deaf are faring in the struggle for existence. Times are hard and many of the deaf are out of work this winter; and there have been an unusual number of calls on the Sunshine Circle for aid, which they can render quickly without much "Red Tape" as they are an independent society.

❖ ❖

As before noted there are many deaf men out of work in Los Angeles, and many of them are unskilled workmen. A United States Senator recently told Congress that there were 4,000,000 unemployed men in the United States! Among these there are no doubt many skilled workers. Think of the fierce competition the poor unskilled deaf are up against when there are 4,000,000 hearing unemployed! And the masses of the deaf

seldom have friends with a "pull" to help them get jobs. We know some cases of well paid deaf workmen in Los Angeles who took courses of instruction in their present vocations, after leaving schools for the deaf. These of course are the more lucky ones who had some means of "keeping the pot boiling" while they got the necessary training. This whole subject of the industrial training of the deaf was discussed exhaustively in a paper read at the Convention of Teachers of the Deaf at Columbus, Ohio, July, 1927, by Kreigh B. Ayers. He says he based his conclusions on the actual experience of 500 deaf people who replied to a questionnaire sent by him as president of the Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association. The question which concerned the leaders of that Association was: "How does the great majority of the deaf students who leave school at an early age, or those not completing education at the age of twenty, fare in the industrial world?"

We agree with Mr. Ayers in what he says of the lack of the "sense of responsibility" in the younger deaf. We have often noted this in the course of our associations with them in societies of the deaf, and it has been commented on by many of the leaders here, as we meet those coming from various schools. Mr. Ayers is sincere and earnest in his desire to help the deaf students, as any one can see by reading his paper. We quote a few paragraphs:—

"It is therefore our plain duty to urge the heads of the State schools for the deaf to lay more stress, with the teachers as well as pupils, upon the importance of the skilled vocations. While the choice of a definite vocation may be deferred for those who go to school or college at Washington, D. C., it is time for those who leave school early to recognize the important significance of their life pursuit. But, suppose they do recognize it, where can we send them today to prepare for such vocation. Not every State school for the deaf in the United States can send every one of their June graduates to Gallaudet College in Washington, D. C. A good many deserving deaf graduates of State schools are prevented from getting a college education or even a vocational training.

"The highly specialized conditions of our industries today require better preparation of the deaf as a class. The industries will hire them faster when they are found intelligent and well trained. How many deaf graduates of our schools can carry out an order or read blue print? It is to be regretted that many are kept out of mechanical trades because of their inability to use shop mathematics as applied to a machine shop and inability to measure with micrometers. Having no training in machine designs or even mechanical drawings, they are not desired. As for example, the schools for the deaf should employ a competent machinist, one who can instruct a deaf pupil and equip a modern department with every piece of machinery that is used in a modern shop. The course should be thorough and give the pupil a chance to learn the fundamentals of such work, and this would be one branch of what is termed a vocation educational.

"Much stress is laid by the manufacturing industries on 'industrial intelligence' and skill in the workman. This means that the deaf workman understands the meaning and importance of 'maximum results at minimum expense.' The manufacturer demands observance of shop and business ethics. He wants character. Now, our State demands character of its citizens, whatever their vocation may be. Such characteristic, however, cannot be developed out of nothing. It should be the duty of the heads of the schools for the deaf to make their pupils feel a sense of responsibility and to develop resources within themselves. If a pupil can see the significance of his or her resources, the value of intelligence and in skill in what he does, the sense of responsibility will naturally develop itself. This is what our schools fail to do. It tends to make a man a machine, to develop in him only a common kind of efficiency;

it fails to help him see the significance of his work for himself, for his employer or society. Is it any wonder that under such circumstances the deaf workman fails to show the characteristics which are in big demand nowadays?"

Often when the deaf discussed the inadequate industrial training at schools for the deaf the remedy suggested was that Gallaudet College should add instruction in trades to the curriculum. President Hall definitely discourages this idea in an address "A Greater Gallaudet College," delivered at the Teachers Convention at Columbus last July. We shall quote two paragraphs, also agreeing that is not the province of the college to provide trades instruction for the masses of the deaf.

"There is another condition in our schools which I cannot prove but which, I believe, is existent and apparent to a number of heads of our institutions. This is the change in nationality and standards of living among the pupils and their families. I believe there is a greater necessity than ever before for many of the graduates of our schools to go to work at once in order to help their families to come up to modern living standards. Consider this reasonable supposition and the lack of increase in pupilage together—it would seem to me that the schools are certainly doing their part in preparing and urging students to enter Gallaudet, and that the college has really made, under the circumstances, a large growth.

"But it may be urged that with a more varied curriculum, the work of the college could be expanded to advantage to greater numbers, and a different type of student admitted in addition to that already coming. Let me say at once that it is my deep-seated opinion and that of the Faculty of the college that our institution should not be a trades school, and that work of this kind should be handled by the State institutions by increased facilities and lengthening of time devoted to such work, also by the better organization of the industrial departments and the careful selection and study of pupils before graduation. It may well be that Gallaudet College should offer more courses of a technical nature, but the foundation for these courses, we are sure, should be just as deep and as broad as our requirements are at present for admission to our freshman class, and possibly broader and deeper. Higher technical training demands the understanding of English, modern languages, mathematics, and some of the sciences, and will not amount to anything without a good foundation. Such new technical work as we have in mind would be more advanced work in home economics, bacteriology, chemistry, electricity, and courses of this type, but not trades teaching."

The *Iowa Hawkeye* editor asked Dr. Hall for an amplifying statement regarding his address, which is printed in that paper in the issue of January 15th. A suggestion in it seems to us practical and sensible in Dr. Hall's own words, "Is there any reason why each school should not have an outside worker to put the school in touch with local industries and help establish better industrial training in our schools, for this is where most pupils after all get their final training?" In the same number was an article, "An Open Discussion," on this subject of "more and better industrial training of a distinctly vocational nature to complete the work begun in our state schools, which under present conditions can not be made more than pre-vocational." The *Hawkeye* editor favored the idea suggested by Dr. Jones, in a recent issue of the *Ohio Chronicle*, for a national Junior College for the deaf in these words:—

"For the reason that it would offer sufficient academic work to develop additional good material for Gallaudet while giving necessary advanced vocational training for those who may never get to Washington, following the methods of a school for the deaf rather than those of a school for the hearing, we believe that the Junior College would serve the greatest number, and do the greatest good. It would not only serve to release Gallaudet College from the dead weight of holding up too many students who ought to be doing their preparatory work elsewhere, but would also in a large measure serve to protect the investment in grounds, buildings and personnel which the Government assists in maintaining as the only college for the deaf in the world.

"Let us at least lay the foundation for a centrally located Junior College for the Deaf. Those who visualize the present difficulties in the way of such a project would be the first to express astonishment at the ease by which these difficulties may be overcome, if only we will all work together."

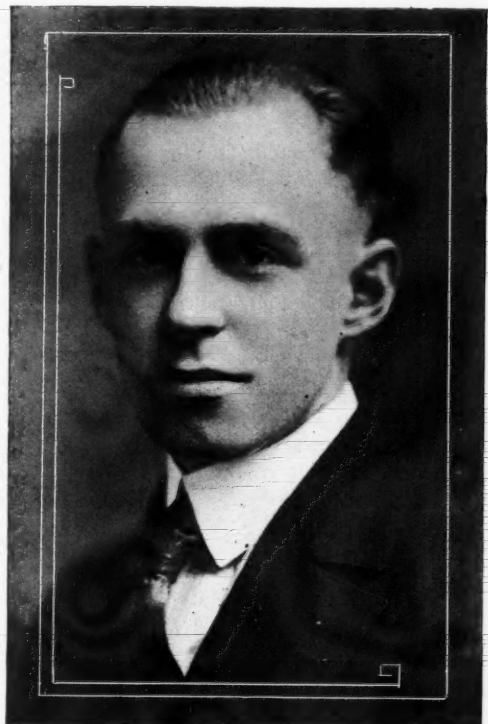
A National Junior College would be a fine thing. We wonder if some millionaire could be persuaded to establish and endow it. Why don't somebody establish the "American Foundation for the Deaf?" Wealthy philanthropists have established colleges for the hearing, so why not one for the deaf? The blind are asking for \$2,000,000 for the American Foundation for the blind, of New York City, under the leadership of Helen Keller. A local daily lately had an illustration showing Helen Keller dictating radio appeal "by finger touch" to Mrs. Anne Sullivan Macy, for the Fund for permanent relief of the Blind. Where is the person who will be the spokesman for the deaf as Mrs. Macy is for the blind?

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Mr. and Mrs. Hugh K. Bush and Miss Tucker, of Richmond, Virginia, recently spent several months in Los Angeles. Miss Tucker is the hearing daughter of deaf parents. Mr. Bush, a famous Gallaudet half-back of the eighties, enjoyed meeting two old college mates here, Messrs. Lawrence James and John W. Barrett, and the three recalled that never-to-be-forgotten football game they played with the Gallaudet College team which defeated the Naval Academy team at Annapolis, Maryland, by the score of 16 to 0. Mr. and Mrs. Bush were so pleased with Los Angeles that they plan to come again next winter. Parties were given for them by Mrs. Grace M. Noah, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barrett.

Many birthdays have been celebrated lately among the Los Angeles deaf; those who were given parties by their kind friends were Mrs. Worswick, on January 29th; Mr. Daly, on February 14th; Mrs. Barrett, on February, 15th; Mr. Phil Keilly, on February 17th; Mrs. Annie Ward, on March 9th; Mrs. Henrietta Dahl, on March 23rd and Mrs. Addie Owen, on April 2nd. Some of these parties were given a few days after the actual birthday when it happen to be more convenient. Several of the ladies who were at the party on February 15th want it reported in the *SILENT WORKER* and the wishes of subscribers must be reported, so there is no escape for this writer as there is no one around on whom the duty could be shunted. Well, then, the party for Mrs. Barrett was arranged by Mrs. Annie Ward, who enlisted the aid of Mesdames Worswick and Bente, the former loaning her home for the occasion, and the latter was entrusted with the duty of inveigling Mrs. Barrett to the party. Mrs. Bente made a date with Mrs. Barrett to go to Owensmouth, (28 miles away) the afternoon of the 15th. Mrs. Barrett, knowing Mrs. Bente to be an expert driver of her trusty Oldsmobile, accepted this invitation and asked if there would be time for a short call on the Frank B. Thompson's near Owensmouth, and Mrs. Bente said "Yes." Behold them then starting on the afternoon of the 15th, their route taking them near the Worwicks residence, when Mrs. Bente said she had to see Mrs. Worswick just a minute. Then Mrs. Worswick came out and asked Mrs. Barrett to come in and see some new furniture and when she came into the dining room was surrounded by many of her friends and suddenly realized it was a surprise party, the first time she has been given one in Los Angeles. The ladies had a very happy afternoon and Mrs. Barrett received many useful and beautiful pres-

ents. Then a big birthday cake was brought in and delicious refreshments were served. The ladies present were Mesdames Ward, Worswick, Bente, Coffman, Chaney, McMann, A. Owen, Omar Smith, Price Dyson, N. Roberts, Gronlund, F. B. Thomson, Ellis J. Beck, Z. B. Thompson, P. Reilly, F. Bur-



*Gerhardt H. Ferber, Lutheran deaf pastor at Trinity Lutheran Church, Los Angeles. One of three hearing brothers to enter the Lutheran ministry of the deaf*

son, C. B. Boss, Reddick and Angelenograms. Several ladies were unavoidably absent.

Mrs. Annie Ward was given a surprise birthday party by Mrs. Cora F. Chaney and Mrs. Charles C. McMann in Hollywood at the home of Mrs. Chaney. It was feared Mrs. Ward would suspect if asked to go there on March 9th, so the party was held on March 22nd. Mrs. Barrett asked Mrs. Ward to go with her to visit Mrs. Chaney on a date, saying she did not know the way, and the unsuspecting Mrs. Ward was led into the surprise party, nearly all of the ladies mentioned above were present. Mrs. Ward, a pioneer of Los Angeles, was given many beautiful and useful presents. After delicious refreshments were served, Mrs. Ward was asked for a speech and talked interestingly of old times in Canada, (where she was educated) and the Los Angeles of 40 years ago.

The Los Angeles Gallaudet Club had their February meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Willman. The annual election was in order and the following officers were elected: President, Kenneth Willman; vice-president, Mrs. Beth Thompson Gesner (Normal); secretary-treasurer, Vernon Butterbaugh. "500" was then played and prizes were won by Mrs. O. H. Blanchard and Mr. Butterbaugh. Mrs. Mary Mercer entertained the March meeting of the club at the home of Mrs. Cora Chaney, in Hollywood, at which some literary games were played. The April meeting will be with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Curtis in Glendora.

The California Association of the Deaf, had a vaudeville entertainment and dance on March 17th, at Alhambra Hall, Los Angeles, attended by a crowd of 300 of the local deaf and quite a number from near-by cities. A good sum was cleared for the C. A. D. Treasury. The Chairman of the affair was Kenneth Willman, assisted by the local C.A.D. Directors, Mesdames Terry, Cool, Doane and Messrs. Seely, Worswick and McMann. To be an officer of the C. A. D. is no sinecure, as there is so much legislation regarding the deaf. A few days after the above mentioned affair a Legislative Committee of six, accompanied by State Superintendent of Education Cooper, made a tour of inspection of the Los Angeles Day School for the Deaf. The following is part of a newspaper account of their visit:

"Recommendations for the enlargement of the State school for the deaf at Berkeley and protests against the so-called manual or sign method of instruction used there, were heard by the State Legislative Committee investigating the problems of the deaf in session here yesterday.

"Mrs. Howard L. Terry, vice-president of the California Association of the Deaf, urged that improvements be made immediately in the Berkeley institution and that additional facilities for resident students be built.

"The protests stated that the manual method is not the most suitable because those who learn this system can understand only others who know it and therefore are isolated from the general public. They recommended that the oral or lip-reading method be adopted.

"State Superintendent of Education Cooper informed the commission of the progress and improvements now being made at the Berkeley school and accompanied the commissioners on a tour of inspection of the public school on Seventeenth street, where the deaf of Los Angeles are educated. It was decided that the next meeting will be held on some day in September to be fixed by Mr. Cooper."

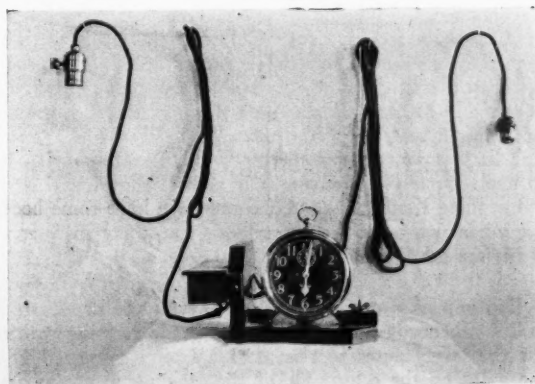
Instructor: Is this theme original?

Freshman: No, I wrote it myself.

—Mugwump.

## "Big Boss" That Puts You to Work on Time

This machine was invented by R. Aumon Bass, July, 1919. Since then, says the inventor, "it has been working faithfully. We are always on time. All you have to do is to wind and set the alarm CORRECTLY; it will do the rest. It is simple and convenient. We never worry about waking in the morning; we sleep soundly. Hang the light on the bed over your head where the light can reach your face and you will be on time. First use twenty-five watt bulb. If too weak, then use stronger light that will wake you. We find the Big Ben West-cloxx (blackface) clock very satisfactory."



*The "Big Boss"*



# ET CETERA

By J. H. Mueller



WE ARE converted. From a knocker of the use of radio in schools for the deaf, we have become an enthusiastic supporter. Went over to Sis's sometime ago for supper, and afterwards were urged to feel the loud speaker. To please Sis we felt, and great was the feel thereof. We have written our representative at the General Assembly to work for the passage of a request by Superintendent Lee for \$3,200 for a loud-speaker contraption for his pupils. Hope he gets it. We have felt and are convinced.

P.S.—He got it!

Fame may be fleeting as the wind, but wind travels long distances. In proof whereof: George William Veditz, the sage of the Rockies and dahlia grower par excellence, received a check from the habitat of Benito Mussolini, asking that he send the worth of that check's face in squabs to a party somewhere out in the West. We would not ask the WORKER to publish this were it not for the fact that one of the dellygoats told us in confidence that George William was nothing but a flower grower. We will also vouch for it he can write a German letter highly diverting. And his rendition of Faust does not suffer by reason of his having read it in the language Goethe used. For further information write to Emmett Simpson, care of School for the Deaf, Olathe, Kansas.

The Van Briggles Pottery near Colorado Springs was one of the man made sights open to visitors. The interpreter who attached himself to our car took his position alongside the operator of the molding board ready to interpret his remarks. Imagine his surprise when the operator did his own interpreting, being a perfectly good specimen of the genus deafie. Our interpreter enjoyed the denouement more than anyone else. Sorry we didn't catch his name—he was a good sport all right.

We used to wonder what was the sense of dinner clubs, Kiwanis, Lions, Rotarians, etc. We still wonder. But there is one Kiwanian in Denver who must belong to the tribe of Ben Adhem. He saw a trio of lady visitors stranded after the busses and cars had taken the rest off on a sight-seeing trip while the men were sweating and fussing in meeting. "Hop in," was his command, and they hopped. The ride he gave them was a revelation of Colorado scenery and Colorado hospitality. The women made remark on the latter subject. They were taken to a country club, given the best to be had, both in eats and drinks. Then the Kiwanian asked where the ladies might be from. Kentucky. Ah, so was he. From that little town of Winchester. That explained it—his natural courtesy—nowhere is it as well developed as in the genuine Kentuckian. Of course, we have some boors, but when you meet the right kind, you know instinctively he is a gentleman.

Did you ever notice it? We never have known it to fail. When you are standing at a grade crossing waiting for the safety gates to rise after a train has passed, it is the gates on the other side of the crossing to go up first. Makes no difference on which side you are, its the gates

on the other side. And when you on a dare dodge under the gates just to see what will happen, the gate behind you goes up first. Never knew it to fail, try it yourself, brother.

Crowd of folks at our house the other night. Usual line of talk, bootleggers, baseball, bathing beauties, Lon Chaney's latest. And for a diversion, one of them asked us the why of Radio Call Stations, if that's the term. Radio station symbols, if that's any clearer. We really did not know. So we asked our young hopeful if he could help us out. Certainly he could. And the information we gained we will pass on to our readers for whatever use they can make of it.

WHAS—We have apple sauce.

WDAF—Willie dumped a flapper.

WCOA—Water creeps over anything.

KFRU—Kalamazoo Furniture Renovating Union.

WBZ—Water boats Zip.

KMA—Kiss me again. (We kicked him.)

KHQ—"Kings Have Queens." Some fellows we know have queens when they, the fellows, are not even jacks.

WOW—Who ordered whisky? (Not guilty. Haven't the price.)

WSB—Want some beer? (The gang all stood at attention and then sat down disappointed.)

Other translations were equally illuminating. We saw that he had dodged the Chicago station, WGN, and asked him about it.

"Why, good night."

Not so bad, at that.

We were on the Pennsy train Chicago-bound. Conductor saw we were deafies. Years of experience on that run, Louisville to Indianapolis, had taught him something. So he said, "You people stay on this train till you get to Chicago." We knew that, of course. Ticket was fully paid for the entire distance. "Don't get off at Indianapolis." We got the drift of it. He thought we were young innocents and might get off at the first station that boasted of a school for deaf children. So we decided to have a little fun. "Why don't we get off at Indianapolis? Would any Indians come scalp us?" "No, your tickets say transfer at Chicago for Denever. Don't get off till I tell you to, and I will put you on the right train for Denver."

"Very kind," we ventured, "but we are all fairly seasoned travellers. Anyway, we had all been to Chicago before, and know where to get off."

"Oh, aren't you going to some Government institution?"

"Helen blazes, no!"

And then we gave him a bit of our individual histories. Let him know that Bill Bader was one of the most valued employes of the Jeffersonville branch of the American Car and Foundry Company. For all he (the conductor) knew, the car he was collecting tickets on was one of those turned out under the personal supervision of Bill. And like as not, the chocolate candy the new butcher was peddling was dipped by Miss Norris. Anyway, it was in a box bearing her firm's name. And

as for the bored young lady with us, she was the mother of three kids, from kindergarten to high school age.

"What, is there a high school for deaf children?"

"Plenty," we assured him, "only the kids we are speaking of are not in a deaf high school nor will they ever be."

That was too much for Mr. Conductor. Children of deaf parents that were not deaf. Called in brakeman to marvel—if he could believe. And then asked us our occupation. Gave it. Proof-reader on a newspaper, the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, to be exact. That was too much; he retired to the baggage room for air, possibly a snifter.

When he came back, we had a little yarn for him. Told him of a farmer boy who asked a conductor what the "W" and "R" alongside tracks meant. Conductor said whistle or ring, as the case might be. The boy thought it over a while, and finally burst out, "Wal, I know you can spell ring with a W in it, but how the heck can you spell whistle with a R in it?" We waited all the way to Chicago for the conductor to get the point, but he must have been a genuine Britisher. Gave the conductor our card and three weeks later he sent word that he finally saw the point. "Say, if you learned that at a deaf and dumb school, I'll eat my lantern." Hope he does, it might give him some illuminating ideas about us deaf.

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Charles P. Fosdick, the venerable gardener-emeritus of the Kentucky School for the Deaf, is an authority on flowers and plants that come from the Orient. Mrs. Fosdick tells us the following one:

She had received a rare bulb from a friend in China. And left it on her window sill to sun one day. While at her class work, she told her "star" pupil to plant it after school hours. Rastus knew nothing of bulbs, all he ever had made acquaintance with was roots and shrubs. So later in the afternoon, he returned to Mrs. Fosdick and told her he could not find the "flower" she wanted him to plant. Mrs. Fosdick went to look for it and sure enough, it was gone. Nor would search locate it. After a lengthy search, Rastus volunteered the information that he had found a queer tasting onion on the window sill, and hoped to die if he ever wanted to eat another like it. That explained the disappearance of the bulb. We forgot to ask Mrs. Fosdick whether she gave the ducky a dose of paregoric or merely let him suffer.

Got a letter the other day from a party living somewhere east of Kentucky. Asked us to get him a job. Could do anything, clerk in a bank or shine boots. Wide range of trades. Would join N. F. S. D. if we got him the job. Might help society grow, you know. Referred him to the deputy in his district, but as far as work in Louisville is concerned we told him to keep out. And that applies to others. Business is bad here.

Apropos, Ashland D. Martin is behind a bill to establish a labor bureau for the deaf in Kentucky, under supervision of the State Board of Agriculture. State Labor inspector is willing to listen to our demands if they are loud enough, but what he can do depends entirely upon the General Assembly. We have had dealings with those fellows and know what a job Martin has before him.

Apropos once more, it would be a sensible thing for our schools to teach their pupils the idea of values before they start looking for work. We have been at our trade more than twenty-five years, and have never had to beg for what we thought we were worth to the firm.

Gave the foreman to understand we were a scale man, not a sub-scale scab. Not long ago, we learned about a couple of deaf printers who took what the boss said they were worth, even though they knew they were worth more. And accepted extra work at night at a rate less than the day scale. G-r-r-r-r. When business got slack, they felt assured of work because of willingness to work piker's pay. Did they get it? Yes, they got it in the neck. Any man who will accept less than the local scale, a scale fixed upon a reasonable standard of living, is a disgrace to creation.

Another thing that the schools might teach to the advantage of the future voter is how to vote. The most disgusting thing I can see in a voter is his blind partisanship. Have seen patriotic candidates go down in defeat before some backslapping buffon just because a few men could not reason. Universal franchise is a deadly weapon in the hand of the self-seeker. Keeps the real worker out of office.

Years ago a Democrat was elected Governor of my native State. We deaf knew at once what it would mean, the ousting of the Superintendent of the school for the deaf, since he was of a different political faith. By some spontaneous method, the deaf of the State bombarded the Governor-elect with pleas that the superintendent in question be not removed. And the Governor-elect promised to be fair. He died before he was inducted in office, but it was later discovered that he had made up his mind to retain that superintendent. His successor happened to be a Republican, so the work of the deaf was unnecessary. The job is now non-political. Nevertheless, the lesson is there. The deaf child is allowed to pick up its knowledge of politics as best it can after it leaves school. Naw, I don't mean that there should be schools of politics, but a course in training a youngster how to vote at elections. Of course. . . .

See in an Associated Press dispatch where the city of New York is going to spend thousands of dollars in moving back lamp posts along the sidewalks and in some instances removing them entirely. The latter threat fills us with horror—what will some of our friends there do on a night after a convivial session and the car yet some time due?

Wish the L. P. F. would get up on its legs and put the ban on some of the high soundingly titled and meaninglessly written articles that appear every now and then. The title is a trap, and the rest of the story is generally bunk. Read an essay once on why a certain gink went to Sunday-school. If he had told the truth, he would have put in what he left out, that he went just for the fun he could get flirting with the ladies. And he did not mention that he never entered the church or assembly hall until after the collection had been taken. Ought to have at least a war tax on such rummies, and graduate it according to the good looks of the ladies present, the ladies themselves to be judges of their looks.

What is a Critic? One who knocks everything that is worth-while, but that he did not think of first.

Saw a marriage license issued to a couple bearing the respective names of Babb and Une. Wonder if it will be all right to speak of their offsprings as Babbunes?

And we remember a few years ago a girl named Coffee married a man named Pigg.

Also knew a candy salesman who never signed his

initials to orders he sent in to the factory. You see his name was Ell, and his initials were A. W.

It may have been a typographical error, but we saw in a classified ad the other day that a two-cat garage was for rent at a reasonable price.

And likewise a boy was fatally burned by hot soup.

We were on the verge of swearing off the fluid when we noticed further down that it was referring to hot soap.

The headline "Shiners Meet for Convention" led us to believe we could expect some liquid samples, but the operator left out a "r" as it was nothing but a Shriner Convention.

## The Funks of Topeka

By G. S. Willams



IT WAS in the old study room, on the third floor of the West Wing of the Kansas school at Olathe.

It was Saturday night, and a number of small boys, including myself, were amusing themselves scattered over the room.

Out of the door at the south-east corner came a young man with pen and ink and a large tablet of high quality in his hands. His complexion was dark, his hair was black as the raven's wing. He walked with a slight sway, but no swagger. He made straight for the south-west corner of the room, where he seated himself at the last desk, carefully tested his pen and looked up with a far-away expression in his eyes. The thing had happened many times before.

We small boys quietly congregated in the corner furthest away from the young man with his elegant tablet, pen and ink.

"Eddie Funk is writing to Ruie McMurray again," we told each other. The news spread like wild-fire among the youngsters, who gathered in the remote corner from other parts of the building, and watched Eddie Funk with much interest.

We speculated as to how it would feel when we grew up and had a Ruie McMurray of our own to whom to write.

In our corner were two doors. Behind each door was a stairway, leading both up and down. Thus, four avenues of flight lay open to us in case Eddie Funk should take offense at our youthful yokelry and go on the war-path.

But Funk never once waxed war-like. Then, as in after life, he was an amicable, taciturn individual, who went quietly about his own business and disturbed the peace of no one.

He had regularly sought the seclusion of the quietest corner of the big study room because there were rude persons of his own sex and age in his private study room, who might glance over his shoulder and read some of his sacred scribbling.

True, he occasionally startled us young yokels by glancing in our direction. But the far-away look in his eyes assured us that he did not notice us.

As for Ruie McMurray: Blonde, fluffy-haired, lissome and vivacious, she looked, for all the world, as if she had stepped from the pages of a Burns or a Byron, . . . except for the difference in dress.

And the smallest of us knew that she liked Eddie Funk and no one else over on the West Wing.

Under the circumstances, we felt justified in voting to forgive Eddie-Funk for breaking the rules by writing to a girl who was still enrolled as a pupil of the school.

This was away back in the earliest 90's, when Luther Taylor was still proud of his long pants, Frankie Mike-

sell was a "new numb-skull," John Tom Hower was just learning to say "Goo", and Eddie Foltz and Freddie Moore had not yet been born.

We all predicated a happy union for Mr. Funk and Miss McMurray after their graduation.

But, then as now, there were rocks and snags which refused to get out of the pathway of true love.

Mr. McMurray, in common with the average father of an attractive girl, felt that the man did not live who was worthy of his daughter.

When Miss McMurray returned to her home in Western Kansas, her father sternly forbade any further communication with the sweetheart of her school-days.

This was sad news to the girl.

It was a staggering blow to Eddie Funk.

Thanks to his training at the Olathe school under Walter Mundell, Mr. Funk had started out in life drawing good pay at the printer's trade.

For one year he worked for Old Dave Anthony on the *Leavenworth Times*, and for several years thereafter was with the printing force of the *Kansas City Journal*.

Old Dave Anthony was the man who gave Buffalo Bill his first write-up when the youthful Mr. Cody brought down his first indian,—a large redskin in the paint and war-bonnet of the Sioux.

Anthony is also the man who put the entire Leavenworth detachment of the Salvation Army to flight by kicking in the head of their bass drum when they persisted in annoying him in his nightly editorial labors.

How Funk and Anthony parted company I do not know, but it is presumable that the rough-house tactics of the old editor got on the nerves of the peaceable Mr. Funk, and that Funk fled to the protection of the police of Kansas City.

For ten long years Eddie Funk toiled at his trade and cherished his old love, occasionally fortifying his spirits by wetting his nose in a stein.

There came a happy day when a mutual friend, a generous young Mr. Simpson, learning what was in the hearts of both, helped arrange for an elopement.

In 1902, Eddie Funk and Ruie McMurray were united in marriage, and went to make their home in Topeka, Kansas.

In their beautiful home on Van Buren street, they have lived happily ever since.

One child was born to this union, a son who has followed in the footsteps of his father and taken early to work. The son now has a good position in the office of the auditor of the Santa Fe Railway in Topeka.

Soon after removing to Topeka, Mr. Funk entered the employ of U. S. senator Arthur Capper, who owns the *Topeka Capital*.

Mr. Funk has been as steadfast in his work as he was





The  
Funks  
of  
Topeka

to his school-girl sweetheart. He is now rounding out his 24th year of work in the printing offices of the Capper publications. Where he is the oldest in point of service.

In his school days, Funk was something of a hero in the eyes of the small boys.

In all masquerades and plays, he was assigned the part of a clown, which part he played most ably, despite his quiet disposition in the crowd.

Most readers will agree, after looking at the accompanying picture, that he looks more like a Metropolitan banker than a clown today. He does.

While he acted his part as a clown most efficiently, Funk never betrayed the heart of a showman. It was his wont to hang about the edges of the crowd and look on reflectively. He was never ambitious to push himself to the fore or get in the swim for the sake of making a momentary impression. He knew what was worth while and what was not. This accounts for his success in life...this with the good workmanship which he has acquired by persistent application to his chosen vocation.

Mrs. Funk is a woman of varied talents and much energy.

During the earlier years of her married life she was content to give her undivided time to the rearing of her only child. As the boy grew to an age requiring less attention, she conducted a dress-making establishment in her home.

During this time her paintings had won several prizes at the Kansas State Fairs held in her home town.

Six years ago she became interested in the retouching of photographs and in etching as she saw it done in the studio of a friend, where she was a frequent visitor.

Finally she asked for a chance to learn this work.

"Retouchers are born, not made," says Alex. L. Pach, who ought to know.

It took Mrs. Funk only about one month to demon-

strate that she was born to be a retoucher and an etcher.

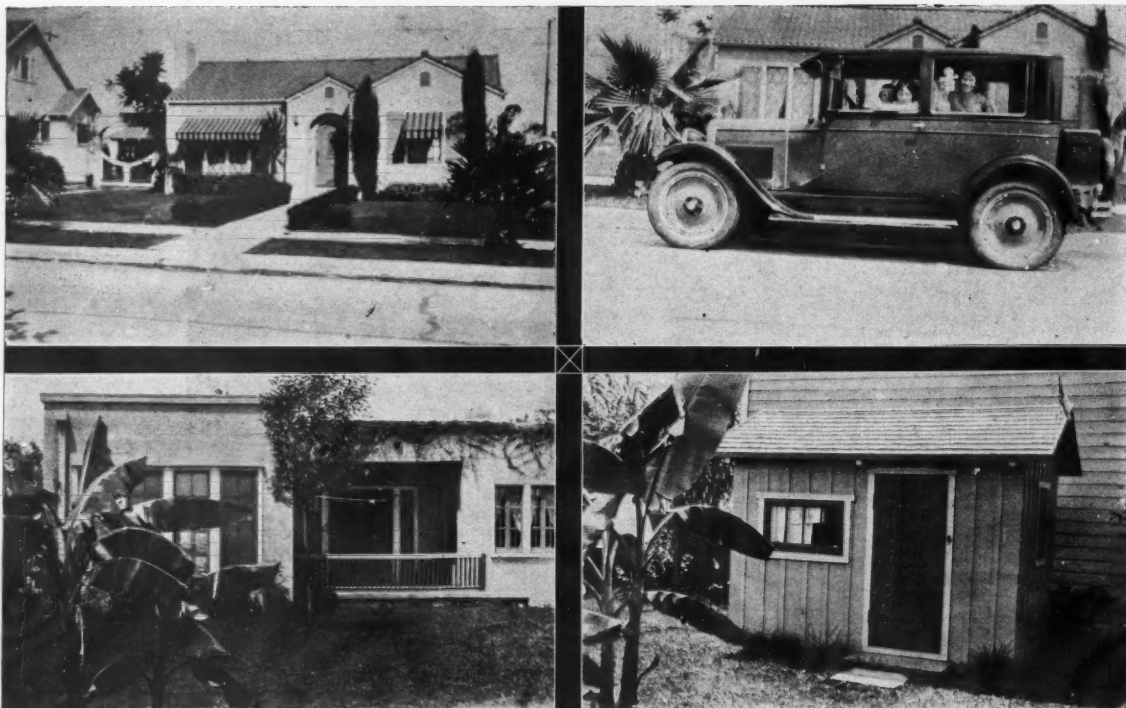
Since then, she has enjoyed steady employment at the profession, which she likes better and finds more remunerative than dress-making.

to her housework and to keeping Ed Funk happy.

Despite her professional occupations, she still attends to her housework and keeping Ed Funk happy.



Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Worzel, who were married in New York, March 11th. Mrs. Worzel was the popular Miriam Robin, and Mr. Worzel was formerly director of athletic activities at the Lexington Ave., school and he is still a topnotcher in basket ball. Both are graduates of the Lexington Ave. School.



*This fine Spanish type home, located in nice residence section of Los Angeles, is the home of the Hultene's. With the assistance of his uncle, Mr. Hultene himself built the house, utilizing his spare time over a period of three years. Below is a backyard view of the Hultene home. A double garage, not shown, graces the back yard of this seven room house. To the right is a playhouse erected by Mr. Hultene for his two little girls, of whom he and his wife are passionately fond. Mrs. Hultene drives a Cheverolet Sedan. She is shown above at the wheel of her car*

## The Argonaut

By J. W. Flowson



OW would you feel, if—? If you dropped into some darkened moving picture playhouse and saw upon the screen "The King of Kings" or "The Ten Commandments" and witnessed all the regal pomp and glittering display of jewels. Or if the people near by you commented upon Pola Negri's glorious head dress, of the spangles that bedecked Gloria Swanson's bodice, and you heard them not. For you were deaf. If all the people in all this throng were utterly oblivious of your presence, and no one knew that the jewels which flickered in the calcium's glare were the product of your hands and skill. If such experiences fall to your lot, then you must be Arthur Charles Hultene.

Arthur Charles Hultene was born in Illinois, the son of a railroad man. For a few years he attended the public schools. Then followed a severe attack of spinal meningitis and subsequent loss of hearing. A few more years of struggling to get along in the public schools, a heart breaking experience for a child who missed his old time companions and pastimes, and the boy was sent to the Iowa State School for the Deaf. Here over a few terms he picked up finger spelling and a smattering of the sign language. His parents figuring that his speech would be better preserved in an oral school, had him placed in a day school consisting of a single class of eight pupils of varying ages. No signs were allowed in this school,

but after school and in the evenings young Arthur largely supplemented the education acquired roaming around the town. By hanging around ball parks, hotels, and theaters he and his chum picked up a lot of odd jobs and were well known to all the community.

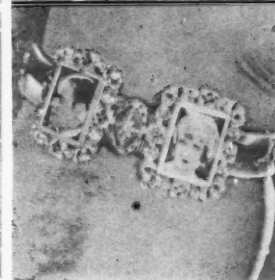
Arthur managed to get enough education to enter high school. Two years of high school he decided was enough. Despite his parents' protestations, he quit and got a railroad job with the Burlington Route. Here he remained for five years. Though satisfied that the railroad company was promoting him as best as they could, he felt that with his deafness he could go no higher. To see his pals promoted to office jobs was more than the young deaf man could stand. He decided to seek newer fields.

Friends spoke to Mr. Hultene of jewelry engraving and making. He became interested. He secured a job as an apprentice with a large jewelry manufacturing firm. For the first six months he received no salary and supported himself with the money he had saved on the railroad job. Showing considerable skill, talent and ambition, he was advanced rapidly. He finished his apprenticeship in three years and then secured a position with a large department store as manufacturing jeweler and engraver, being placed after two years in charge of the shop. At the death of the manager of the retail selling line of this large store, the owner of the store informed Mr. Hultene that but for his deafness he would



~ Top ~

Left to right—Olga Baclanovas,  
in "The Man Who Laughs"—photo  
by Freulich—Lillian Knight, in "Old  
Heidelberg;" Jacqueline Logan, in  
"The King of Kings;" Jetta Goudal,  
in "The Forbidden Woman;" Leatrice  
Joy—Lupe Velez, in "The Gaucho"  
~photo by Charles Lynch—Jacque-  
line Logan, in "The King of Kings;"  
Julia Jaye as the "Empress Josephine;"  
Marie Prevost in "Gertie's



~ Garter ~

promote him to be manager. This so upset the young man, so sensitive was he about his deafness, that he resigned from the store, and for a change took up motor boating with his father upon the Mississippi River.

When the effects of his disappointment wore off, Mr. Hultene went back to his first employers in the jewelry line, soon being put in charge of a separate shop. So much work came in that a number of assistants had to be hired. The manager of the store moving to Los Angeles sent for Mr. Hultene. The World War broke out. Mr. Hultene was drafted and rejected on account of his deafness and then set out for California. Though he went to work the day after his arrival, business proved none too good. Mr. Hultene then took a trial at the optical prescription grinding business, but he soon realized that this was a foolish move. He next found an agreeable position with a jewelry store and factory.

Around about this time he also made another important discovery. An oralist, battling a lone hand in the game of life, he was surprised to find there was a club of 200 deaf that met every Saturday evening. To use his own words, "I was ignorant of all the deaf doings in the world. I found the club and was introduced to nearly all present

and was awed to see and learn about the deaf. It was at this club I met Miss Isabella Price who later became my wife."

Things began to pick up with Arthur Charles Hultene. He secured a desirable position with a jewelry and antique firm, such as are found only in large cities. Motion picture property men induced this firm to try the rental line for studio use in the moving picture industry. Mr. Hultene's first job along this line was for Gloria Swanson, an imitation diamond studded cigarette holder 18 inches long. The precious stones shown in the "movies" are as Mr. Hultene states nearly always imitation. The danger that the genuine article may be lost or stolen is too great even for movie magnates, and then too jewelry of ancient times or even as close up as the Civil War is so rare that it is found only in museums. As it cannot be removed the only alternative is to make a cheap imitation of the original. It takes plenty of time to search out the original or to find pictures of the same from which the imitations can be made. There is always the risk that even the imitation may, in the hurry and bustle of the studio work, be lost, on which case Mr. Hultene may be kept busy night and day making a



duplicate. There is also a lot of roughage in photoplay work, resulting in damage and smashed jewelry, requiring constant attention to keep it in order.

Due to Mr. Hultene's hard work and satisfactory com-



*Arthur Charles Hultene, manufacturer of jewelry and antique ornaments for the moving picture industry. His firm has the largest business of this line in Los Angeles, which would mean for all the rest of the world*

pletion of orders, the rental business of the firm grew rapidly. For "The Ten Commandments," a Bible story prologue, the large order for jewelry, golden images, and idols, required seven helpers. Mr. Hultene worked steadily during a rush period of five days and nights with only one or two hours average daily sleep. For these and other plays thousands of articles have passed in the last five years through Mr. Hultene's hands. Secret and trick devices of jewelry for spies, lovers, villains, idiots, etc., have taken lots of time and patience to contrive. Movie stars of all ages and both sexes have been to Mr. Hultene to be fitted or to seek advice. Surprised to find him deaf they have nevertheless become good friends of his. Particularly does he mention Mary Pickford as being a constant patron and her mother as having been up to her recent death a particular friend.

Today Mr. Hultene's rental business is the best in the city. The firm has moved to a three story studio house full of antiques, modern and period jewelry, silver, china, and thousands of articles from all parts of the world, real and imitation and manufactured. Every studio in the city is on the list of their renters and buyers. Every important and special photoplay uses their products.

Though practically at the top of his profession, Mr. Hultene still feels the effects of his deafness. He is often called to studios to give advice and listen to explanations. He then feels the loss of his hearing. In rushes time is precious. When "The King of Kings" was produced, Mr. Hultene made all the jewelry. Supervising six helpers, he worked night and day, including

Sundays, for three months to fill the order. His duties require that he personally fit the actors and actresses, so he comes into close contact with them literally as well as figuratively.

Mr. and Mrs. Hultene have been blessed with two girls, Gloria and Lavinia, and like most parents they are very proud of their children. Gloria seems to inherit the jewelry instinct, for she is continually asking her father to make jewelry for her. Mrs. Hultene, after a short time in an oral school, finished her education in the California State School for the Deaf. Her acquaintance with Mr. Hultene before her marriage was only three months, but it proved a particularly happy union. Following their marriage, they purchased a fine home which was later sold at a handsome profit. Securing a lot in a nice location, Mr. Hultene himself drew plans for a new home. With the assistance of his uncle, working early mornings and evenings in his spare time, Mr. Hultene after a period of three years completed a beautiful home of Spanish type. Here he now resides with his wife and two children, in all the vigor of manhood with much yet to achieve, a living example of what any deaf man of talent who will labor on to some definite goal, may expect to accomplish.

♦ ♦ ♦

As I write this news comes in that The University of California eight has defeated the University of Washington in their annual race at Seattle. Accounts vary; some say by half a length, others by length and a half. Anyway, it's a satisfaction to know that one's alma mater is victorious. However, there is a tinge of regret. The stroke on the Washington crew is McDonald and he is the son of deaf parents. The ties of deafness, however loosely woven, bind strongly.

It must have been a battle of giants. The smallest of the California crew stands six feet two inches in his stockings. Washington will have further chances.



*Gladys Walton and some of the products of Mr. Hultene's skill. Mr. Hultene personally fits much of his work and is often called upon for consultation and advice*

There is the national intercollegiate regatta at Poughkeepsie and the Olympic trials at Philadelphia.

\*\*\*

Another mighty son of deaf parents is Harlow Rothert,



Mrs. Arthur C. Hultene and her two children,  
Gloria and Lavinia

of Stanford. He is the son of Waldo Rothert, of Los Angeles. Waldo, a comparative unknown, has just tossed the shot a few inches under 48 feet. This would take first place in most eastern meets, but it only landed a third in California. Strange to say, the other two places also went to Stanford athletes. They got the ball out a foot or two farther than Harlow. Stanford is the 'A' champion and it will not be surprising if she figures one, two, three, in the shot put this summer.

Harlow Rothert is certainly a comer. A sophomore,



Pola Negri in "The Forbidden Paradise." She tenderly holds one of Mr. Hultene's masterpieces. The myriad of jewels which bedeck this crown aren't the real goods. Pola could afford to dispense with imitation stones, but the risk of loss or theft would be very great

he has been elected captain of Stanford's next year's basket ball team. He would have played on the Stanford varsity football team last fall, but foxy Glen Warner, as they call him, having a plethora of material decided to save this promising sophomore for future contests. In Rothert, Warner now has a seasoned, well trained player with three full years of eligibility ahead. A few minutes play last fall would have taken away one of these years, and Warner is husbanding his talent against possible lean years to come.

## Wins Gold Medal

The young soldier in the photograph is George Peel Chandler, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Chandler of Knoxville, Tenn. Last year George was the winner of the gold medal shown in the other photograph. This medal is an annual trophy given by the American Legion of Knoxville to the captain of the best drilled company



George Peel Chandler and Gold Medal

of the Reserve Officers Training Corps of the Knoxville High School.

For several years Knoxville High School R. O. T. C. has been rated as the best in the Fourth Corps Area, comprising eight Southern States. Every year at the close of school the different military units give a demonstration at Caswell Park which is always attended by large crowds and many high officials from the surrounding territory act as judges.

Each company is judged by neatness of each man, number of points won in athletic events during the year, and efficiency in drill. They make a splendid showing and the medal is much coveted by each captain of the four companies.

On the reverse side of the medal is inscribed "Presented by American Legion, Knoxville, Tennessee, To Cadet Captain George P. Chandler, Company 'R.'"

He that is down needs fear no fall;  
He that is low, no pride;  
He that is humble, ever shall  
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,  
Little be it or much:  
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,  
Because Thou savest such.

—John Bunyan.



# National Ass'n NADIO of the Deaf



Broadcasted by J. Frederick Meagher

He was only a faithful "super,"  
Dependable, year on year;  
Just a tired and trusty "trouper."  
His role? He "carried a Spear!"  
"All the world is a stage," a show-shop,  
Cast subject to cue or call,  
And a last exit to a slow drop—  
With never a "curtain-call!"



PEARS gives the final pass-word at the Supreme Portals. And the Wells Street moguls reverently handle battered old N.F.S.D. certificate Number Nine in hushed awe. For Frank Spears was one of the historic 15 pioneers who signed the original charter application of that "schoolboy pipe-dream" styled the "F. S. D."—way back in 1901!

Spears and Washington Barrow — still a Grand Trustee — were the only non-Michiganders of those immortal fifteen. As charter-members of Chicago Division No. 1 also they sat prim and proud at the speakers' table of the great Silver Jubilee banquet, November 6, 1926. It was the last moment of glory for the faithful old veteran.

Sitting alone in his Racine, Wis., home—April 17—the Supreme Messenger tapped Spears' shoulders in silent summons to come salute the Superior Sovereign.

On life's great stage, Spears' role was simple to "carry a Spear." That is a theatrical term denoting the chorus, or mob — supernumeraries and soldiers or spear-carriers who never attain the heights of stardom. Not for Frank Spears were the perquisites of proudly parading into Conventions as a grandiloquent Grand Officer. No; not for old "number nine!"

When "Gibson's Special" pulled out for Denver, July 9 last, a small coterie of friends up in Wisconsin were even then toasting the Spears on their silver wedding anniversary. None of the striplings elate in sudden glory as Grand Delegates, stopped to show appreciation. "A hero today, forgotten tomorrow."

The last time I saw old Frank Spears — just after the Denver Convention — he anxiously implored me to exert my influence to have a special concession made in his case. "I hear Denver rules all frats must transfer to their home divisions. I have always been a charter member of Chicago No. 1 — and I want to die a number one still." His old eyes were moist. His powerful frame shook. Have you seen Emil Jannings in "The Last Command?" A humble member over 26 years; and now to be ruthlessly kicked out of his only distinction.

So grand old Gib patiently wrinkled his brows — he always has an extra-warm spot in his huge heart for the faithful few who stood by our organization in those dark days when the sheriff was just a jump behind. Anon Gib found a technicality: Spears lived in Ra-

cine, Wis., not in near-by Kenosha — so the strict letter of the law could not compel our good old vet to transfer to Kenosha division. Or so Grand President Gibson officially ruled! Seems a mere trifle for the head of a million-dollar corporation to waste so much time and thought on. Yet it is just such considerate and quiet trifles explain Gib's long tenure in office, when more scintillating and horn-blowing officials glitter a brief day—then go their way!

Thanks to Gib, Spears had the last favor he ever asked anybody—permission to "die a number one."

At the Silver Jubilee smoker of 1926, the biggest and huskiest boy of that record-breaking batch "riding the goat," was Frank Spears, Jr. Just 25 years after his



Top—Mrs. Frank Spears and her husband—NFS D certificate number 9. Bottom — Arthur, Alma, and Frank Jr.

dad went through the first crude initiation any deaf fraternal ever gave, his son and namesake took dad's degree in a magnificent parade of pomp and pageantry. Spears Jr., was for a time my successor as Chicago correspondent for the *Journal*, last fall. So the old name still shines in Silentdom.

Spears' other deaf son, Arthur, is also a frat. And his daughter, Miss Alma, belongs to the Chicago Aux-frat. "By their fruits shall ye know them."





**PERSONAL** (To Publisher Porter) — The Chicago League of Downtrodden Husbands, by unanimous vote, demands you discontinue Kelly Stevens' charming chronicle of his joyful jamborees in the artists' quarter of Paris. Our wives are making life hideous with their demands that we take them over to "look-see." And we can't afford it. (We are saving the coin to go over see-look ourselves.)

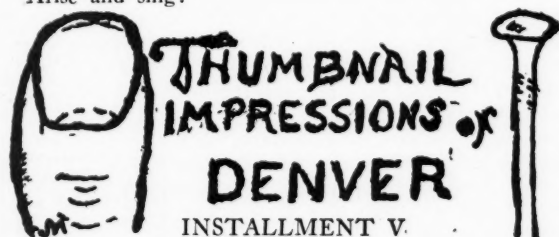
### BEG PARDON

Whoa! Whoa, Dobbin! Or there'll be whoa unto Israel! "The Inspired Make-up Man" pulled a rare good joke in April Nadio, by transposing the names of Craig and Harvat under Kondell's remarkable banquet cartoon. Thereby making the handsome young Denver Romeo (vice-chairman of the Convention) resemble a tow-headed Scotchman, with the meaningless smile of a Chicago ward-politician. And portraying our Chicago dally-gait as a fine-looking fisherman. Craig fish? Why, I never even knew that poor fish to fish for compliments.

What has the inspired make-up man against the Belle of Denver, wishing on her a husband she was never even introduced to? What will her friends think?

So peg bardon. Get this straight—the craggy coot is Craig; and the Harvard-like hombre is Harvat.

Arise and sing!



This is one of those days to be pasted  
On a page in sweet memories' book;  
Although most of our lean lives seem wasted  
We still dream of the breeze at the brook!  
Cheerful comrades of cool Colorado  
Oft in homage we halo your head;  
We day-dream of divine ElDorado—  
And one fleet golden hour that is dead!

**C**AME the Dawn—Wednesday, July 13—and an ominous thumping in the room above, one-two-three-four; 1-2-3-4—over and over...Good grief...X-ray photo reveals Michael Lapides (New Haven), a perfect replica of Jay Cooke Howard, doing his daily dozen.

Most of us conventioners scan the morning papers over an oatmeal...*The Post* has pictures and write-ups of Pach, Mueller and Leiter, in addition to the banquet article. *The Rocky Mountain News* also has excellent stuff on banquet and side issues...That "I'm one of a great gang" feeling is in direct proportion to the amount of space we get in the press...Great convention, this!

Battered tin coupe outside Hotel Cosmopolitan, license Neb. 1-62777; collegiate lettering all over: "NFS-D Omaha. No bill post. Fine \$1000. Want a ride? No go away am in big hurry to see 'chicks.' Notice not for sale"...Me, I did not raise my wind-shield to be a billboard...The tourist with the most stickers on his car, or his baggage, is usually the sort that, in Chicago, has a 30c feed at Thompson's, then goes over and

picks his teeth in front of the LaSalle or the Bismarck.

The Boston Buckaroos, Battersby and Sinclair, corner me to unbosom their pet peeve..."You gave Dallas a nice convention boost in *The Post*, telling how the mayor would let our president act as mayor for one day when, as, and if, the 1930 convention is awarded thereto. We demand in fraternal fairness you give Boston equally favorable publicity."

### ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM



First—and only—photo of our crack team, practicing before Hotel Cosmopolitan, Denver. Reading from left to right:

Right end—Rev. Homer Grace (Denver) starting off to receive a forward pass.

Right tackle—Elizabeth Yanzito (Chicago.)

Right guard—Mamie Flynn (Chicago.)

Center (with ball)—Marie Yanzito (Chicago.)

Quarterback—Mrs. John Otto (Springfield, Ill.)

Left guard—Monica Lanigan (Chicago.)

Left tackle—Hattie Sparling (Denver.)

Left end—Virginia Dries (Peoria, Ill.)

Left half-back—Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown (Africa.)

His application for membership in the society will be promptly and properly blackballed at next meeting. A supply of blackballs extra black has been ordered as a suitable tribute to this sunburned Southerner.

P. S. "Thunderin' Tom" Northern opines the two end men look like guards—one a guardian angel and the other a blackguard.

I love Go-getters with grit and gumption...Need more in our ranks...Hate to discourage the beantown boys, but patiently explain that Dallas wire was NEWS—something never done before...See?...Bat and Sin do, and enthusiastically recount a dozen talking-points—climate, population, etc...None of their arguments register as "news"—until they casually say frat meetings will be held in historic Faneuil Hall...WHAT???...By what authority do they dish out such amazing information?... "Why," in astonishment at my sudden change from a cold skeptic to a red-hot news-hound, "Most big Boston conventions hold their opening sessions, at least, in Faneuil Hall—thought everybody knew it..."...No; I did not, nor do 999 readers out of 1000...That's the real "news" in Boston's bid...It was accordingly printed in *The Post*.

"If at first," said Bat to Sin,

"You don't succeed, don't lose your grin!"

"You bet—and try again at that;

We must succeed," said Sin to Bat.

Edwin Hazel and I nobly decide to let the convention try and run itself—since it won't let us run it...So we go on a joy-jamboree with other non-delegates to ElDorado, 20 miles away. (If the N. F. S. D. is busted, broke, defunct, *non est* by the time we get back, serve it right for not groveling in the dust at our feet.)

Need partners: as senior I exercise my patriarchal right to the first selection—Hazel's own chaste and charming young wife... He dials his parliamentary chart and declares me out of order, presenting a subsidiary motion that he, himself, in person, is a fit and proper party to pal with Mrs. Hazel... How absurd; paling with one's OWN wife simply isn't done in this enlightened year of 1927, don't you know?... Only ignorant backwoodsmen from tank-towns still cling to such ancient dogma, such outworn credos... What's a "vacation" for, anyway?

Wonderful how stubborn some little men can be... (Hazel is only two inches taller than I am.)... All my sound logic fails to shake his contention that he can escort his own wife if he wants to—and want to he does, and escort her he will, and I can go jump off Pike's Peak, etc. ... So I look around for another pretty wife to escort... If their sap husbands are saps enough to remain in hot convention halls on such a glorious day, serve them right if I help myself... Lord help me—"The Lord helps him who Helps Himself"... I accordingly commander the best in the bunch... Mrs. Francis P. Gibson (Chicago.)

Off we hie... big busses... some 200 silents...



paper scareheads: "Dead of Heat in East!"... Our luck; mile-high coolness... Everybody wagging their paws like a gleeful pup greeting its master with wagging tail... Why spend money bus riding when all we do is chatter?... Deaf can't talk and see the superb scenery simultaneously... Sudden commotion—a stray bee invadeth the bus and can't locate the exit... A real bee—not Ayer's vice-presidential "bee"... Patient care; bee finally rescued unhurt; tenderly given the air... Flies off saying: "There, I done shown dem fellers where dey gits off—dey oughter be thankful I was merciful"... How like some humans you have met.

An hour's ride—and Acraady... Jutting forbiddingly upwards, jagged crags frown against a sapphire sky... Peaks encircle a jeweled Paradise... El Dorado, fitly named... A mountain stream—melted-snow, cold and crystal clear—tumbles over the dam in a silver sheet, or spills through the spillway in splatter and scatter of silver spray, to cascade between granite boulders and rush roaring down the gorge... A shimmering sun in a cloudless sky... mile-high air that cuddles cozily in every crevice of your hungry lungs... ideal companions—beauty, brains and breeding... this is the life!

At last a landscape as richly pigmented as a painting... At last women as exquisitely exotic as they seem on magazine-covers... At last companions as wise and witty as they are in fiction!

What an ideal honeymoon-spot... Only an hour by bus from Denver and the newspapers; a nice hotel on the mountain-side, right above the swimming-pool, \$12 per week. And excellent meals... Swimming, fishing, mountain-climbing; the High Heart of Youth; life, love and laughter... Those poor delegates don't know they are missing one of Life's Great Moments!

Mrs. Gibson looks ruefully at her new \$12 shoes—already ruined—and opines she does not choose to scale the mountain... So we three zig-zag perilously up the peak to the half-way pavilion—a cinch for Coloradoans, but a feat for Easterners... Far below are pigmy playmates splashing in the plunge... Let the East swelter; our hungry, happy skins drink in vast draughts of heady mountain breezes... Edwin and I, ex-wrestlers, are panting; but Mary stands in her straight slender strength—the kind of girl who gets accustomed to being stared at... Recalls a

passage in Charles Kingley's "Westward Ho:" "For when all things were made none was made better than this, to be a lone man's companion... a sad man's cordial... a chilly man's fire... there is no herb like it under the canopy of heaven."

"One Fleeting Golden Hour!" Broken by the ever-practical young inventor: "Wonder if I can invent a sort of a chart to tell which is granite and which is feldspar!"

"Behold stout Cortez standing with his men  
Silent upon a peak in Darien!"...  
What muted-melodies my bosom thrills—  
Awed by the awful everlasting hills...  
"One Fleeting Golden Hour"... All earth  
is sunny—

'Til Edwin starts to talk of making money!

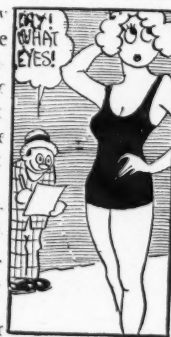
Oh, well; a short life and an airy one!



Afar in the convention, all is turmoil... Delegates scurry excitedly from seats to stage; from stage to seats... The Ship of State sails under forced-draft—the draft from limb-propellers... Mighty men with beetling-brows put their heads together; they plan, speculate, dicker, argue, struggle and ponder... And then it is decided... The dread decision is rendered... The world is made safe for Democracy—for the moguls turn thumbs-down on my pet project to send an American team to the first World's Deaf Olympiad, as an advertisement and recruiting-campaign for the NFSD!

Let's go down... Pool swarms with shapely Western swimmers... Three in corner catch my near-sighted old eyes—Eastern girls are never built with such magnificent foundations... Why, bless my soul; they're Mesdames Kenner, Plapinger and Funk all of New York. Who would have suspected it?... My what—eer—what eyes!

A striking female diving... No hot-house plant, but a Junoesque middle aged dame of strength and power... "Splendid woman; my ideal..." "That's no woman, that's a man," retorts Mrs. Hazel, looking me over pittingly... Now's my chance to show her nobody can fool we wise newspapermen. "Hey, Lady, what's your name?"... My unknown divinity wig-wags back: "I and Frank O. Haggerty of Des Moines division," and



pulling off "her" green rubber cap, stands revealed as a man!

What ails my eyesight today?—Blame the altitude! You needn't grin... I hate to be shown up as a dumb-bell, when trying to impress the younger generation with my wonderful wisdom!

We dine on nectar and ambrosia in the romantic grandeur... Then sit above the plunge, watching the beauties of Nature in all their glory... Such beauties—if you get what I mean... Stirs all that is poetic in my tiny buzzum

...Stirs Edwin Hazel in a different way—he gears up his signs and declaims at length on his philosophy; his mechanical and inventive ideas; the practicality of properly protecting his patents therein—has just applied for four patents at \$100 per pat!...Say; I came here to feast my eyes—not my envy!



"Oh, can't you can the chatter? What are your eyes made for?"

"To use," snaps Hazel, snappily.

"Then use them."

"I do," responds the irrepressible young genius in a matter-of-fact finger-spin (genius always is peculiar) and continues his practical businessman discourse...That's too much:

"Do lay it on the table—a motion to watch that green swimming suit is now before the assembly, you blind bat," I motion him...An occasional dirty-dig at one's best friend adds spice to life.

Quite unabashed, Hazel jumps at the chance to set me right: "Don't 'move to table' so much. 'Lying motions on table' is like going to the movies and leaving the supper dishes on the table until your return—you have to wash them sometime, why not now?" etc., etc.,...Oh, for crying out loud!...The situation calls for extreme measures.

"You are the only deaf monotype casterman in the world, are you not, yes?"

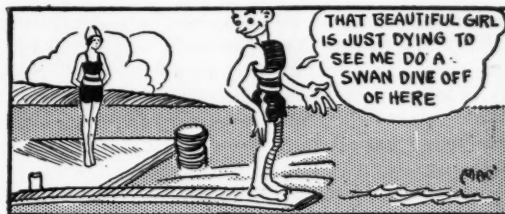
Hazel admits it.

"You are sure you are a monotype man; yes? A monoman—you mean you admit you are a monotonous man, don't you?"

Oh, the dirty look he gives me...But I get a chance to size up the swimmers..."See that life-guard," says Mary. "Yes; well?" "Can't you see? The only man I ever saw who could spell on his toes."...Sure enough, his toes form the letter "r."



Think of it, my friends: this lad Hazel, aged 32, is by far the outstanding figure in American Deafdom today—as relates to the hearing...His Hazel's Handy Pocket Parliamentary Chart—the first real parliamentary improvement in decades—has been highly praised by Nicholas Longworth (Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives) and other dignitaries...Restless, eccentric, energetic, "jumpy," this tiny atom fills me with mingled wonder and envy...Left school at 14; has had to struggle for all he got and all he knows...Like all genius, is stubborn, opinionated, hard to handle—forever dissatisfied with everything (himself included)...Recalls Edison's famous phrase: "Show me a thoroughly satisfied man and I'll show you a failure."...Yet rather handsome—despite the adage handsome men are always worthless...And, flouting the adage that worthy men never have any luck in the matrimonial lottery, Hazel's wife is one of the very finest women in every respect that I ever met...A genuine beauty, bright and companionable—when you thaw out her icy English reserve...The Hazels are happy; clean-living; an ideal devoted couple.



Yet this Hazel—outstanding figure of us all—the convention treats with the same utter disregard and derision that San Francisco's Nad convention of 1915 treated their great sculptor, Douglas Tilden—then the only deaf man in "Who's Who."

Still we wonder why the really great deaf men and women—the wealthy and influential few—snub us commonfolks..."He laughs best who laughs last!"

Diving contests for the possible American team to the first World's Deaf Olympiad...Half a dozen deaf, headed by Winfield Roller, Goodyear Silent A. C. (Akron, Ohio)...He saved several lives at the 1923 Nad convention in Atlanta—when Dr. Cloud's raft capsized drowning two girls...Roller seems in poor condition today—takes a bad "belly smash" on his second dive,



and retires with bleeding nose...The official judges erroneously score on a 1-2-3 system for each dive, instead of a ten point decimal basis—adding and averaging the total...My own private score shows average 9.4 4-5 for Clemen Dillenschneider, Kansas City A. C., rich hearing club—a veteran around 35, with a bushel of cups and medals...Second high goes to Glen Urie, Eldorado Baths, with 8.4 2-5...Urie is a pupil in Colorado Springs; age around 18; natural athlete with a thatch of flaming scarlet...But Urie won't do for the team—he can't dive from the 50-foot marks, and he can't outswim Dillenschneider.

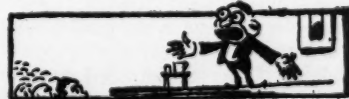
I decide to recommend "Dill" for the Olympiad, provided the convention guarantees enough for one swimmer and two all-around track men. (Later—We don't get a cent! *Sic transit gloria!*)

Four o'clock...Busses start back...My fair companion, Mrs. Gibson, has long since decided I am a better fighter and writer than conversationist—and left me flat...So I stick to the Hazels—that lad is going to be very wealthy someday; I may have to mooch the price of coffee and sinkers if the market for punk poetry ever collapses...(That proves I am not as dumb as I look.)

Mary Hazel pulls her regular once-weekly-bright-remark: "I understand now; you realize you are not handsome enough to attract the ladies, so you always wear bizarre-colored cravats."

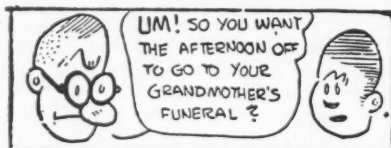
And Edwin gives her a grateful glance...For once in my life I can't think of a snappy-comeback...Can you?

Jolly Cholly Lawrence (Bay City, Mich.) tells me a good one. Seems Barnes (Schenectady) entered convention two hours late this morning. Our banjo-eyed Prexy, in best bank-clerk manner: "Front, and center, you!"





Barnes sidles up as if he wore new wool underwear. "Well?" says Hank. "Yes, I'm well," rejoins sad-face. "None o' your hick hokum; why are you so late?" Barnes shifts from one foot to the other like a schoolboy, scratches himself nervously, then in a sudden burst of sorrowful confidence paw-whispers so we can all see: "I overslept—my mother forgot to wake me." We all roared, and Old Gruch is so flabbergasted that all he can say to Barnes is: "Don't let it happen again."



Talks about St. Paul's "Meaghering Meagher"—"Hop" must have been a seer to prophesy Barnes would someday be a "second Meagher!"

Most every laddie lugs a lassie off to Lakeside—Denver's rollercoaster park; badge-wearers pass free gate... It isn't the first cost—its the up-keep... Most everybody goes—except the delegates... They work... Special business session—elect 1931 convention city; yes, four years hence, not three... WHAT?... "Election?"... Now bless my sinful soul, conventions are great things for teaching us ignorant, unlettered newspapermen modernized meanings of words—I had naively presumed the word "shall" meant must, have to, compulsory, obliged to... How dumb I be!

Think of the jolly hours wasted Monday, drafting "Convention Rules" to be treated as a scrap of paper... (Sec. 24—Election of... next meeting place of the Grand Convention... SHALL be on the last day of the Convention.)

But hush, hush, mine brother... Why should we upset the glue-pot on Prexy's pants?... After all, what's a rule or two between friends?

Messengers hurry out of the convention, paging Rev. Smileau, alternate for E. C. Ritchie, delegate from Reading, Pa... Ritchie of Reading sick?... Reading?... Ah, he must have been "reading" the lips of that Chi-Oral-106 delegate, Pete Livshis!

Any time you want to know anything, just roll an eye around for one of those ten-gallon hats with their vivid scarlet streamers "Committee"... Great idea... Retail \$7 each; the canny committee got them wholesale for \$3.50... At least one sky-scraper head-piece always in visual range, with a polite and polished gentleman underneath... One is young Jimmie Quinn, former *Journal* writer, later military instructor in Faribault; now linotyper on a Denver daily... Seems well-fed, happy, prosperous... He and the rest of the Local committeemen have splendid wives... If you tell them so, they will back away—thinking you want to borrow money... That proves they know human nature!

Here is Ward Small, the artist from Santa Barbara, Cal.; the only ex-pupil of Mrs. Calvin Coolidge here... Although St. Paul had several... And Babcock, spent one year at University of Nebraska... If Publisher Porter gave me enough space, I could write a lot of interesting dope on some of the birds here... But what's the use—when you "write-up" a fellow, he is sore because there is not enough to the article; and his enemies are equally sore because there is too much... You can't write interesting dope and keep many friends... Bet Alex Pach loses out for re-election—he is too good a writer. (Sure enough, he did!)

Luther Shibley (Fort Smith, Ark.) who graduated from Gallaudet College last June, just arrived with

his brand-new bride... Shibley always did brag he was going to marry a pretty girl—and he did... Wonder if she can cook... He is inside, watching the Big Batter



and Bang Men beer-maulize the trained fleas to jump through hoops; but someone points out his *chic femme*, and I go for the news... This is a delicate diplomatic mission—sweethearts and husbands are always anxious to slam on the snoot anyone who accosts their best-beloved without an introduction... Experience has taught me to present my credentials when accosting strangers, so I pull out my pretty pink card with "P-r-e-s-s" stamped in big letters across the face, and politely display it to win some little Mrs. Shibley... She gives it a glance, gives me one look—and pales in sudden terror... Ye Gods; am I that homely?

"Pardn; me reporter; beg you old name; live where; school; grad done; marry when?" I explain—in my poor signs... A look of sudden relief on her features, she spells in faultless English: "Oh, I overlooked that word, Press; I espied only the first line on the card, 'Dept. of Police, City of Chicago,' and thought you were going to arrest me!"

The news of the honeymooners is in next morning's *Post*. (And Shibley did *not* slam me on my snoot.)

Helter-skelter, the wolf-pack piles out the hall in a tidal wave: "Boston wins on first ballot field of seven; Detroit and Dallas runners-up"... The night-shift reporter from *The Post* is right with me; a few scribbled words, she phones, and within five minutes the news is traveling all over the nation on Associated Press wires... To be generally dumped in the waste-basket by dumb telegraph editors!

Mrs. Charles Kemp (Chicago) a former New Englander, elbows through the jam of jubilant Boston boosters and hands Battersby a dollar bill: "This starts your Convention Fund."



...Money talks—and Bat beams with genuine encouragement... No longer minds the heat! Schaub (St. Louis)

wheezes up and hurls his 200 pounds into a frail chair which fairly shrieks for its mother in Grand Rapids.

Graves (Pittsburgh) to "Jumbo" Mueller (Louisville): "Dry up; you are not Secretary of War, you are Secretary of Brewers."

"Ever see an \$80 bill?" Clayton McLaughlin asks a bunch of us... He thereon pulls out a \$20 bill, points to the figure "20" in each corner, and starts to argue four 20's make it \$80... But, then, McLaughlin is Scotch!



Jolly Cholly Lawrence (Bay City) again—they humorously style him the "Michigan one-vote popgun"... Has another good one to relate with his characteristic digital drawl... Says he: Some of these youthful striplings sure put it all over us Old Timers for wit, cushla. W. K. Gibson (Dallas) nominated his city for the next convention, saying: "Dallas climate is cool; you go to sleep in ten minutes." Faith, and up steps Graves (Pitts-

burgh) with: "Ten minutes? Why, in Pittsburgh you go to sleep without effort." And may the devil fly away with me if that smart salpeen, Vinson (Berkeley) didn't nominate Los Angeles with: "Sleep? Arrah, in Los Angeles you don't sleep at all—you 'rubber' day and night."

And I was betting on Los Angeles...Thought Handley would win handily!

Old Cholly wends his ever-smiling way, spreading contagious cheer and chuckles...If there was any Justice in this world, the name of that genial old Irishman would—like Abou Ben Adhem—lead all the rest...For Lawrence is the ranking frater of us all—holds certificate number 12...But not so, my son—jovial Charlie Lawrence gets no more notice than Joe Call (Brooklyn) aged 24, or F. Hoppaugh (Newark) aged 28... Fame is fleeting...Honor and glory are a vain delusion and a snare...Are you a past-Grand? That's past.

"... Let us, in our haste to slay  
From the tomb of the dead prophets snatch the funeral  
lamps away  
To light up the martyr fagots 'round the prophets of  
today."

Come on; let's go to bed.

(To be continued—sometime)

## A New Star in Silent Arr~



MISS ILONA SINGER, born at Buda-pest, but a native of Czecho-Slovakia is a young painter living in Berlin. She became deaf at the age of six years, following an attack of measles.

Miss Singer is known in artistic circles in Berlin, where her talent wins continuous and increasing recognition. At the age of seventeen, she was admitted to



"Little Girl"

the Academy of Fine Arts at Berlin as a regular student. Afterwards, when nineteen, she entered the School of Fine Arts in Rome.

Miss Singer exhibits her works in the Berlin exhibitions. The critics, principally the great German critic,



"Lady"

Fritz Stahl, have written articles praising her pictures.

After having spent some time in Rome, she came to Paris, where for the past few months she has been creating new works in the free atmosphere of Montparnasse. The two pictures here shown were painted recently in Paris and shows her profound knowledge of modern art—a rare thing for a woman painter. Without doubt, her powers will grow.

Miss Singer specializes in childrens' portraits and in humorous drawings, carefully executed in crayon. These last have appeared in numerous German periodicals.

FRANCOIS GROLARD.

## That's Hollywood

MRS. MINNIE STRICKLER LIVINGSTONE

Shimmer and glitter, sparkle and glim;  
The bright lights of Hollywood never grow dim,  
Movies and cabarets, parties and shows;  
Every one going where every one goes.

Crowds ever flittering from restaurant and shop;  
No time to linger and no time to stop,  
Line-up of taxi and limousines a-glore;  
What could humans crave for more.

Miles of smooth pavements and tree-shaded  
streets;

Pretty young maidens and children so sweet;  
Fresh air a-blowing from mountain and sea;  
Who would live elsewhere? Surely, not we.

# The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE ..... Editor.  
GEORGE S. PORTER ..... Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

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Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed.

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## The Deaf In Politics

There doesn't seem to be many things that the deaf nowadays are not afraid to tackle. There have been deaf people who have contested and won political jobs. The latest to enter the field is W. J. Capps, of Cleburne, Texas, a student in Gallaudet College.

In casting his hat in the ring for county clerk, the Cleburne Morning Review contains this political advertisement:

To My Fellow Democrats of Johnson County:

I am offering myself as a candidate for the democratic nomination for the office of County Clerk of Johnson County. I am making this announcement after due consideration and consultation with my friends, and after convincing myself and my friends that I am competent to perform the duties of that office, and upon this basis I am asking for your earnest consideration, and, if in your judgment, I am competent and qualified I am soliciting your support.

I am thirty-three years of age, was born and reared in Johnson County where my father has resided for many years and where my grandfather was one of the pioneer citizens.

I have had approximately three years experience in the office of the County Clerk of Johnson County. A part of this experience under Mr. Roy L. Doak and a part under the present County Clerk, Mr. George L. Murphy, and left the employ of county clerk on account of ill health. So far as I know neither of the gentlemen under whom I worked had any complaint as to the character or quality of the service rendered by me.

I feel that the County Clerk's office should afford to all the citizenship of the County the very highest character of courteous service and if you honor me by electing me to that office, I promise that you will receive just that kind of service, and that the office will be administered fairly, competently, honestly and efficiently. That the records will be kept correctly and safely. I will appreciate very much any assistance you can give me in this race.

Signed,

W. J. Capps.

## Review

CHARTS FOR CIVICS, GEOGRAPHY, ARITHMETIC AND GENERAL SCIENCE. By Fay Campbell. Wheeler Publishing Company, 2831-35 South Park Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

As the foreword states it is a manual intended as an aid to the busy teacher, and still busier student, in outlining a phase of laboratory projects which hitherto has had little attention in formal print but which is being more and more commonly used in the class room.

There are four kinds of charts (1) Box, (2) Ribbon or bar, (3) Pie or circular and (4) Line or curve.

Problems in their written form are often hazy to the average student, but by using these charts they become intelligible at a glance.

THE LITTLE BOOK. By Marjorie Hardy. Wheeler Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill. List price, 24 cents.

This little book of 48 pages is intended for children just beginning to read. Colored pictures interesting to children appear on each page. The descriptive matter is printed in large type easy to read and in short simple sentences easy to remember. It would appear that schools for the deaf could use these books to advantage in the primary grades.

## The Winged Hero

In complying to his son Victor's request for a speech to be read before the Senior Class of the Hollywood High School, Howard L. Terry prepared the following, in about fifteen minutes time:

There will come to Los Angeles tomorrow a modest young man whom all the world admires, and is proud of. His name is Charles Lindbergh, Colonel Lindbergh as his rank presents him, the first human being to cross from America to Europe by air without stopping. He who is first to do a difficult thing is wonderful in proportion as the feat is difficult, and where great courage and faith in one's self are the qualities necessary, we cannot bestow too much admiration and praise; we cannot honor him too highly, nor can our applause and appreciation be anything but sincere.

The progress of science is the conquering of natural forces, either by mental or physical effort, and as each obstacle is overcome, a newer era for man unfolds, and we reap the benefit. There are latent powers in all of us that remain for each one to discover and make the best of; but there are in a few what we call genius, that gradually demonstrates itself and carries its possessor to splendid triumphs. With this rare force at work within, success is the only idea that dwells in the mind, and determined effort in the face of every obstacle, the doubts and the ridicule of friend and foe alike, wins the goal and makes the dream come true.

Nature has a way of shaping the physical side of those whom she has gifted, and in this young man we find the physical side the physical qualifications necessary to carry out the task. Lindbergh has lived right, he has been clean and temperate which builds up a strong body, steady nerves, and a clear brain; it has given him stamina, the endurance necessary for so great a strain as the flight he made imposes. Yet, with these natural endowments, he must, himself, fit him-



self mentally for the flight, and he must use all his wits and past experience, and take every precaution for his safety, nor overlook the slightest detail in the construction and the working of his plans and its mechanical parts. And Lindbergh did all this. He sets his mind to the task, he was no fool. He felt the urge, he had the courage of his convictions, he let no detail pass unattended to. He knew the danger, but he met it with supercourage and a sublime confidence in himself and his plane. He started, he drove his plane into the fog, over an unconquered sea (by air) and went on, hour upon hour, alone in the face of momentary death, hundreds, thousands of miles, the dark night around him and the deep, black waters below. Unerringly he navigated his plane, even as a bird of passage, direct to his goal—Paris. The lights prepared for him loomed up, a great glare in the black night, and circling around, he brought his plane safely to earth. "Is this Paris?" the tired boy asked. The greatest feat of modern times had been accomplished.

## The New Jersey Press Association

The present tendency in America toward the formulation of chains of newspapers means that the day of the great editor is over and that personal journalism has given way to impersonal, Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of the Nation, told the members of the New Jersey Press Association and of the State Legislature at its meeting in Trenton, last February 6. Mr. Villard, speaking at the annual meeting of the association, declared that there is an absence of honest criticism in the present day press because of conservatism brought about by the control of absentee owners and the marketing of newspaper securities through bankers.

"Absentee ownership of this kind is absolutely new and it seems to me is a sinister portent," he said. "Recognizing as I do, the progress that has been made in the press, I must record emphatically my belief that there has been an extraordinary decrease in the critical faculty both in and out of the press during the last fifteen years."

The speaker criticised the acceptance by the press without question of the assertion that our Marines in Nicaragua are fighting bandits, and maintained that never was there a time in our history when there should be a freer discussion of our government and our foreign policy. He urged the press to continue to be the leader of American thought and opinion and not relinquish its position as an honest force for criticism.

At the meeting, which was attended by about 200, Robert E. Oksen, of Perth Amboy, was awarded the \$100 scholarship given by the Press Association to that student of Rutgers University who has proved himself most efficient in Journalism. Governor A. Harry Moore and Thomas L. Hanson, leader of the Assembly, spoke in behalf of the Legislators present.

At the business meeting preceding the dinner,

Guion P. Wilson of the *Long Branch Record* discussed the libel law which has been introduced into the legislature by the Association, and Dr. Allen S. Will, head of the department of journalism at the State University, stated that the department will graduate 12 students this year and that within five years the school will be able to handle all calls for embryo journalists in New Jersey. It was decided to hold the annual summer meeting of the Association the latter part of May, the place to be determined by the Executive Committee.

### HELPS FOR BIRD STUDY

**\$35,000. Available for this Purpose**

New York City. Feb. 3—Beautiful colored pictures of birds, leaflets, bird pins and outline drawings on paper suitable for crayon or water-color are now available in large quantities for teachers and children of New Jersey.

This offer made by the National Association of Audubon Societies renders it possible for young people to secure authentic literature and pictures of some of our best known wild birds, by the method of forming simple Junior Audubon Clubs in the schools, boy and girl scout groups or young people's societies of similar character.

In speaking of this phase of the Audubon Association's educational program Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, President, said today: "We are able to do this splendid work for the young people because of the generosity of a number of our members. Thirty-five thousand dollars has been made available for this work."

"The undertaking has proven wonderfully successful. Since it was started 5,412 Junior Bird Clubs have been formed in New Jersey with a total membership of 173,804. The object of this campaign is to cultivate in the mind of the youth of the land a better appreciation of the value of wild bird life to mankind."

Sample of the pictures drawn by America's leading bird artists together with full explanations and plans for teaching bird study will be sent to any teacher or other leader of children's groups upon receipt of request sent to National Association of Audubon Societies, 1974 Broadway, New York City.

### ON MY DEAFNESS.

HOWARD L. TERRY

All things go well until they feel His wrath.

O' Silence, there are marvels in thy state!

Flora may bud and bloom despite the drouth,

Impelled of God, and, I despite my fate,

Believing, yet may bloom in fairer fields.

If list'ning inwardly to unheard sound

Is reaping all that's best—what silence yields,

Then sound deceives, truth is in silence found.

—Sunset Farm, Near Marinville, Missouri, 1906.

COLUMBIA DIV. No. 93, N. F. S. D.

## ANNUAL BANQUET

Coloumbia, S. C.

Saturday Night

Sept. 1st. at 8 p.m.

Fraternal Meet-

ing at 6:30 p.m.

# With The Silent Workers

By Alexander L. Pach



Y! BUT that Texas writer, my friend Troy Hill, is either stubborn or blind, for he again expresses the opinion that because Texas has gone over the quota in the Gallaudet Memorial matter, the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf ought to show proper appreciation and hold its next meeting in Texas, but outside of Mr. Hill everybody appreciates that the word "National" is in the west, and before that in the north, and before that in the south, the logical and necessary thing was that the meeting come east, so Boston got it. If Mr. Hill does not subside now a second *non sequitur* medal, this time one with palms, will be awarded him.

And here's Jimmy again, and now he has the hundred or so delegates to Denver all bull-heads because they did not fall in with his proposition to back his scheme to send a deaf athlete to compete in the Olympic games in Holland. The members decided it was a bit out of our line so dropped it, which was entirely proper, Mr. Meagher to the contrary notwithstanding. There is a gap of thousands of miles between a strictly business proposition and a strictly sporting proposition. And anyway, any crack athlete can join an association having this very matter first at heart, and if he can win a place his association will send him abroad and the contender's deafness is very much a secondary matter, and anyway there is no special significance in a deaf man's coming out first in an athletic contest. Deafness is no bar to supremacy in such matters, and the Olympic winners are honored because they are crack athletes, and not because they are red-headed, bow-legged, one-eyed, or hard-of-hearing, or even totally deaf.

As has been a prolific source of comment in this department in the past, and as now taken up by Mr. Howson of California, hard-of-hearing leagues, notably in Minneapolis and San Francisco, by posing as public beggars to aid causes that have no real right for charity doles, are doing a great deal to harm the totally deaf who have been trying for years to down the deaf beggar and peddler nuisance.

One way to offset the harm would be for the National Association of the Deaf to have publicity committees in the cities where the hard-of-hearing ask charity inform the press of the fact so that no onus will rest on the totally deaf, who are under a real handicap where the hard-of-hearing only have partial setbacks.

Then, there is Thomas A. Edison.

A stickler for detail was the chairman of a recent banquet held by the deaf of a southern city, who at the end of the toast list had the printed announcement:

"Adjournment."

Not a bad idea, for after the average banquet and the average speeches at these affairs the announcement will serve to speakers and to toastmaster that saturation point is often ignored and tired people much tireder than they ought to be, for no banquet should be spoiled by the aftermath of hot air that is almost always turned on. Then most toastmasters are a nuisance. Just the

other day I attended a banquet where, as usual, we were on hand at the hour we were warned to be on hand, and as usual, the dinner did not commence till an hour and a half later. The speakers were the same that had spoken last year and the year before and the year before and so back. Then the things that got off with rare exceptions never vary. When Mr. Speaker gets up everybody knows just about what he is going to say, and they smile with grim pathos.

Well, banquets will be banquets and if we hit one good one in five, we rest content.

What has just been said regarding banquets also applies in a way to business meetings of organizations of the deaf. My own experience in hearing organizations before I became deaf, when a member brought up an unpopular subject, the storm of "no," "no," "no," from all over the room showed that the nays were in a big majority, and the speaker did not even finish, but "no" cannot obtain in a meeting of the deaf, so that several speakers follow each other, and then amendments, previous question, table, etc., get the thing hopelessly involved, and when after an hour of talk the thing comes to a vote and is hopelessly crushed, nothing can be done about it except to regret the time wasted, and the result is lessened attendance, for after years of going through the same mill even the thought of attending a meeting is a burden. Most of these meetings are Saturday night affairs, and some members use two hours going and coming, and with the joy all taken out of a deliberative body's conference there is nothing to do but cut it out.

Sometimes there are bright spots that bring an honest laugh. At a meeting of a body that I have the honor of being a member of, a speaker got the presiding officer's eye and was given the floor, whereupon he gave detailed announcement of the birth of a baby to a fellow member and his wife. This information would be all right in its proper place, but just then was not its place in the regular order of proceedings, so the president, weary with all the heckling that is the portion of some presiding officers, turned to the member who gave the information and asked:

"Well, what do you want me to do about it?"

The following is from a Los Angeles newspaper, and I am glad to reproduce it in this column:

## HELP FOR THE DEAF

The following communication, written by Mrs. Howard L. Terry, second vice-president of the California Association of the Deaf, is well worthy of publication.

The great problem of deafness must be solved by many thousands. The experiences of this worthy woman should act as an intelligent guide for those who are so affected.

Whether lip-reading is superior to the sign language, or the sign language is more useful than lip-reading, is not so much the question. It is rather the note of cheer, of hope, of tremendous life usefulness, that Mrs. Terry sounds in this letter that struck me.

If those who are deaf could "carry on" as easily as Mrs. Terry, deafness would not be the great tragedy it frequently is.

Reseda, Cal.

Dear Dr. Lovell:

In last Sunday's Times you made it clear that becoming deaf is real misery to most people—adults, of course. Your remedies for physical alleviation and cure are all fine. Let us hope that many will heed and profit by your wise counsel.

I believe that deafness is more dreaded than blindness, as a rule. For the reason that nothing brings more isolation than the inability to hear, to move in the world and that society to which one has always been accustomed.

I am totally deaf, have been so since I was 9 years old. My life has been a very happy one, and, let me say in all humility, no woman could have made better use of her days than I have. I am wife, home-maker, student, journalist, social welfare worker—all in one.

About lip-reading, it is three-fourths fad, just popular craze, and one-fourth truth. The lip-reading powers of most deaf people are exceedingly limited, to say nothing of the laborious, unnatural speech of deaf-mutes, which nobody, as a rule, can understand.

I would have to write you pages to explain it all. What I wanted to say here, however is that there is a sure remedy, a complete cure for the misery and isolation caused by deafness. The universal knowledge and use of the sign language of the deaf. It is a most wonderful system of communication, a complete language in itself. But it has suffered much from ridicule and abuse these past few years by the rabid oral propagandists who have been too ignorant, too prejudiced to realize what a fine art they were trying to crush.

I have traveled extensively in America and Europe. Of the thousands of deaf people, all types, that I have met, the most successful and happiest of all were the ones who knew and used the sign language among themselves, as well as with the hearing.

The fact that many of the deaf can speak and read lips quite well does not detract from their appreciation of the wonderful sign language. Lip-reading seems to work with the few, not the many. The solution for the happiness of all the deaf is the use of an improved sign language. The hearing as well as the deaf shall learn it.

I believe the whole subject here involves a new science to be taken up and studied—in the end to banish misery and isolation from the lives of all the deaf.

MRS. HOWARD L. TERRY.

Reprinted from the *South Dakota Advocate*, the *Journal* had a headline:

"Supt. Tillinghast Asks Some Pertinent Questions," and some of these questions were:

Can a reading vocabulary for the elementary oral grades be developed far beyond the ability of the children to speak or read from the lips?

If so, what ultimate effect will such knowledge have upon the mental development of the child?

Can the basic language concepts necessary for advanced school studies thus be developed at a much earlier period of school life on a basis more nearly comparable to the attainments of normal hearing children than is now accomplished?

If so, will the development of such a silent reading vocabulary seriously affect the present standard of attainment in intelligibility of speech and the extent of speech-reading ability?

What is the psychological difference between development of a large silent reading (printed symbol) vocabulary and a large manual spelling (or finger symbol) vocabulary?

In other words, in the development of a much larger silent reading vocabulary than spoken vocabulary has the manual alphabet important time-saving function to perform, as compared with the exclusive use of printed or written letter word-symbol for words that are recognized, but are not spoken properly, or are not read from the lips with proficiency?

I showed the above to a man who knows deafness from every angle and asked him: What's the answer?

His reply was:

If it is true that scientific leadership is wanted to answer the questions propounded in his article why don't he take the bull by the horns and go ahead and solve the questions himself. If he is unable to answer them, who can? The language he employs in formulating the questions is exceedingly involved and, as far as I can see, intended to be confusing, so that an

explanation would have to accompany every word, phrase, sentence and punctuation mark, and the necessity to caption the article as "very pertinent questions," makes it appear that if no qualifying phrase was used there might arise an opinion that the questions were highly impertinent."

Speaking of the recent meeting in Washington of the sponsors of the Survey, the *Kentucky Standard* after mentioning the names of the educators present, suggests that since there was not a single deaf person among those present it was a good deal like Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

G'wan, Colonel, what do us deaf folks know about it anyway?

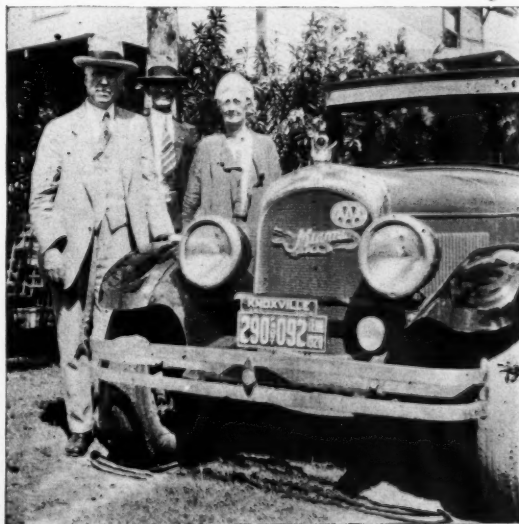
## Colorado State Association

Announcement was made Monday that the biennial convention of the Colorado State Association of the Deaf will be held in Pueblo on September 1, 2 and 3. Representatives from all sections of the state are expected to be present and a large delegation is assured, according to local members.

Last Saturday evening the Arkansas Valley Deaf club held its regular monthly meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. LeMaster, 1306 West Eighteenth street. Committee reports were received and approved and after a number of interesting talks and the disposal of routine business, refreshments were served by the ladies' group.

Among the out-of-town members present were: Mr. and Mrs. Emmette W. Simpson, Springfield; Mr. and Mrs. Alex Wright, Vernon F. Herzberger, Mrs. Oscar White, Grant A. Petrie, Colorado Springs; Lloyd Shields, Florence, and John F. Opfer, Pritchell.

President Veditz, of the Colorado State Association of the Deaf, announced the biennial convention and urged its support. Both local and regional committees will be announced soon, so they may handle the arrangements and work out the program for the convention.—Pueblo, Colo., *Chief-tain*.



Left to right—Thomas S. Marr, Mr. and Mrs. Will J. Kennedy, old classmates of the Tennessee School. Picture taken in Miami, Fla. The back yard is the property of Mr. Kessler, though his house is not seen, which is on the right side.



## The Life of a Lousy Extra

By Albert V. Ballin



ES, I AM one of the thousands of those classed as "Extra Talent" who swarm and buzz around the casting offices of Movie Studios. I do not know how this term originated but I suspect it was invented as a sarcasm and derision, and it stuck ever since.

As often happens, I have to get up at an ungodly hour, hurry and call at the Studio at seven in the morning. If late, my call would be cancelled. As I live in the heart of Los Angeles, it is quite a task to make the long, tortuous journey and to arrive on time at the distant suburb.

At the first corner I have to wait for the street signal "Stop" to change to "Go" before crossing. Seeing no cop around, I take chances and dash ahead. You remember that I was hurled out by a measly little Ford sedan; and laid out flat in the hospital for some weeks a year or so back. Since then I could not decide which saved my life, the hardness of my skull or the over crowded condition in Hades. Confident, however, that such facts still exist, I take the risk regularly without any mishap to date.

I came to the station two blocks away in two minutes, but then I have to trot two full block-lengths through the depot to reach the end where I buy my ticket; then retrace my steps zig-zag down through a maze of labyrinths to the point exactly a dozen feet below the upper street entrance to board my car. Invariably I arrive at the platform in time to wave a tearful farewell to the grinning conductor of his departing car. Thereafter I have to loiter a quarter or half an hour for the next car, thinking and wondering how the idea of building a stairway directly from the street above to the platform, as they have it in dear lil old New York subways, could have missed the ponderous brains of the great Pacific Electric Railway Company. Perhaps this idea would interfere with the rental of stores in the depot above.

At last the next car started with me as one of its peevish passengers through the short tunnel. In passing along the dingy landscape I am always trying to learn the names of the streets, but the town is so ashamed of them that they hide themselves with tiny letters painted on small shingles away from your approach only at two corners diagonically opposite. You are lucky if you can decipher one or two by suddenly twisting your neck as you whiz away. Don't ask any conductor wearing fewer than two gilt bars on his sleeve, representing over ten years of service; otherwise he will drop you a whole mile beyond or behind your destination.

By luck, I stepped off at my right street at Cahvenga Pass to find the bus I am to board gone three and a quarter seconds ago. Not another expected for a whole hour. At the corner I wave an imploring appeal for a lift in deaf, dumb and blind hurrying autos. Usually it is the fiftieth car which stops and compassionately notices my shivering self and condescends to take me in. In about ten minutes I am brought to the studio gate, trembling for my cherished \$7.50 check for that day's work. I was twenty-five minutes late; but, thanks to goodness, there was an immense crowd ahead of me thronging the casting office window. I fell in line, crawled step by step until I arrived at the pigeon hole opening in the window. The officer behind it stared stonily at me and shook his head, signifying that I was not listed at all! O miserere miei!

Some minutes later I espied Billy, the assistant director who promised me the job the previous day. He was very sorry. He forgot all about me. He had five million things on his mind. He will fix it all right for the next day.

This I have to go through like rigmaroles many a time with all shades of difference in details. At last I came with a pass duly made out and handed to me. I went in with an immense crowd, probably five hundred bearded Russians, Bohemians, gaunt giants, fat-pounded dwarfs of both sexes. What we, the "Extra Talent," go through has been portrayed often enough on the screen; most truthfully too, as you could have seen in that wonderfully good picture, "The Last Command," where Emil Jennings impersonated the great duke, brother of the Czar, who commanded the Russian army, millions of money and all; who was finally defeated and ruined and escaped death and came to America where he became a \$7.50 a day extra like myself. This picture is not at all an exaggeration. I could see that with my own eyes and of which I shall speak presently.

In the one I am alluding to, the crowd was larger than usual and the studio was hard put to accommodate comfortably all of us. We were thrown pell-mell into an immense bare skeleton of a barn-like building to put on our costumes, make up and all, after a long wait at the wardrobe for our costumes, wigs; our pass checked. This process has to be gone through again in returning the costumes at the end of the day. We don't mind these inconveniences. In fact we take in these experiences with utmost good humor, helping and chaffing each other all the time. When quite ready, we go in our set resolved to do our bit thoroughly well and with vim, hopeful of getting in favor with the mighty director, obtaining good parts and, consequently, longer engagements and better pay. Out of our rank arose many of our greatest stars. The directors have keen eyes and they discern genuine talent instantaneously. It would be waste of time, even a source of annoyance, for any extra to ask for favors of any kind. Very often it is not essential for the extras to possess intellectual superiority to advance. I know many who are woefully dumb and illiterate who get ahead of me with ease. All they needed were some peculiar characteristic type, shapes, forms, expressions in faces, demeanor that I lacked to fit in certain situations needed at that place and moment. That explains why some dogs, horses, monkeys, and other animals command greater consideration and emolument than human beings.

The pictures vary so much in kind that no actor can be certain of constant employment. Where he is useful in one picture, he is of no earthly use in another. He often has to wait so long before he would be called again that he has to come down and eat the humble pie as a lousy \$7.50 a day extra like myself. Until I understood the situation, I was astonished to meet some of the greatest actors and actresses down on the same lowly footing as mine; then return to their glorious prominence later on you will see this truism if you watch closely the crowd behind the principals who usually absorb your whole attention to themselves.

Among the extra I daily meet most wonderful people from all stations and social ranks; authors, artists, ex-bankers who went afoul of luck. One I met is a true-to-goodness princess of the late Czar's household. She dis-

guised herself as a wretched peasant and escaped to America after her whole family was massacred. With calm philosophy she accepts the inevitable whirligig of the wheel of fortune; goes through her stunts as an extra calmly and waits patiently for the turn of the wheel.

Sometimes we have only one, two or six days' work in one picture; then wait weeks for like employment in another. \$7.50 is about the average. I got as low as \$5.00, then \$10 even \$15. Mostly I am lost in a crowd. There are times when I was given quite a part and where I am easily recognized as in "Silk Stockings," "The Man Who Laughs," "Michigan Kid," "The Woman Disputes," and others. I am still hopeful of something really good and prominent. I must say that my being a deaf-mute has never been considered as an obstacle toward promotion. At least the directors never hinted at that. On the contrary, they are always most kindly in their treatment and assurance that they will take good care of me as soon as they should discover where my type, talent or something else I possess would fit me in somewhere. I think they fully acknowledge the use a deaf-mute has in the scheme of things as proved by the employment of others like Granville Redmond, Tommy Albert, Paul Waddell, one or two others. More in Europe than here. But like all others we can never have anything like steady employment.

There is in Hollywood a "Central Casting Office" which keeps a list of about 10,000 extras, calls them up by telephone and sends them to studios wanting definite types. It refuses to register my name, giving its reason that it also refuses about 20,000 others because it never could give business enough to its original ten thousand. When I want to work in any studio I seek it without that office's help—a pretty tough proposition for me, I vow. I never get enough to keep the wolf off my door. Some day I shall have to kill and eat him!

Fortunately, I can paint portraits and I do get orders at odd intervals. I hope to do this business exclusively in the dim future when my ability in this direction should be better known.

But return to my experience as an extra, let me allude to one instance to illustrate the general lot of such fellow mortals.

For six whole days I strutted proudly as a third rate lord, wearing a tattered doublet, knee breeches, mantle, curly white wig, feathered felt hat, sword, buckles and all in a century market place in London @ \$10 a day, jostling with high bailiffs, beggars, pickpockets, jugglers, wrestlers, mountebanks, etc., to the satisfaction of my director who, by the way, usually leaves to my imagination how to act by watching others and the situation. He has no time to stop to tell me what to do in detail. We, extras, can never tell how much longer they are wanted. It is an anxious, heart-breaking quarter of an hour for us at the close of each working day listening to Billy, the assistant director reading the names of those who are to call again the next day—or to keep out. When I heard (?) my name among the latter, I approached Billy and started saying to him, "I have five grandchildren." He threw up his arms, exclaiming, "I'm very sorry—but, business is business!" If he waited, he would have heard me finish with, "Who are very smart and doing very well in England, etc."

But what's the use? Billy has five million other things on his mind. There are others and others worse off than I. There were some poor old women bawling, begging plaintively to be employed just one or two days more, who have large families depending on them, etc, etc.

To be just, none of the directors or their assistants are callous and indifferent. They are all human and most

kindly in their efforts to help but the task is far beyond their prowess—too gigantic. The problem of keeping everyone employed is too colossal and complicated. It belongs to the sphere of politics and economics. Picture making must be conducted on sound business basis, not along philanthropic lines, or go into the scrap heap. As things are, it is all the producers, directors and their help, (apparently in the swim) can do to make a success of every picture. They say that, in spite of greatest care, it is on the average only three out of five pictures that make money. I do not know of a more hazardous business than picture making.

"Where can I get some good fly paper?"

"Down at the grocery store you can get it with flies already caught."

—Pitt Panther.

"Lock me in Cell 56."

"Why?"

"Father used to have it."

—Bison.

You can cut classes in correspondence school by mailing empty envelopes.

—Virginia Reel.



Matt McCook, Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 31, 1927

# SPORTS IN GENERAL

Edited By Frederick A. Moore

## Deaf Section of Superior Coaching School

State Teachers College, Superior, Wisconsin  
July 16-28, 1928

### OPPORTUNITY FOR DEAF COACHES

**D**IRECTOR IRL TUBBS of the Coaching School of the State Teachers College, Superior, Wisconsin, has under consideration a suggestion of Mr. Robey Burns, of the Illinois School, to hold a special section this summer for deaf coaches. The opportunity for the deaf to secure a place in this school is too good to be allowed to pass, and it is to be hoped enough interest will be shown to bring about the establishment of the course.

Below is Mr. Tubbs' letter in full:

Mr. S. Robey Burns, of the Athletics Department of the Illinois School for the Deaf, Jacksonville, Illinois, attended the 1927 Superior Coaching School, at Superior, Wisconsin. Mr. Burns thought the coaching course very profitable to him and he was enthusiastic over the summer climate of Northern Wisconsin which is ideal for athletic training. Mr. Burns was good enough to say he was pleased with the management of the coaching course and with the attention paid to the coaches who took the course.

Mr. Burns suggested that the Coaching School conduct a *SECTION FOR THE DEAF* as a part of its 1928 course. His idea was to have the Coaching School arrange for a "hearing man who can interpret speeches into signs which the deaf understand." Mr. Burns suggested that Mr. Arthur G. Norris, Director of the Athletic Department of the Indiana State School for the Deaf, Indianapolis, might be willing to act as such an interpreter if he thought well of the plan. Mr. Burns thought a considerable number of deaf coaches and athletes might want to avail themselves of the advantages of the Superior Coaching School if a *DEAF SECTION* were added to the 1928 course. He advised consulting Mr. Norris and a number of other men whose names he gave. All of them proved favorable to the idea of a deaf section. Mr. Norris is willing to act as interpreter.

THE SUPERIOR COACHING SCHOOL held its first course in 1924 with Rockne and Meanwell in charge of the instruction. In 1925 no course was given because the gymnasium was rebuilding. In 1926 Rockne and Meanwell conducted the course again. Warner and Allen were the instructors at the 1927 course which was the best attended of the three so far given. The Instructors and the subjects for the 1928 course are shown on the enclosed sheet. Because of the prominence of the instructors and the number of them and because the Superior Coaching School, and the summer climate of Superior, have become known, it is expected that the 1928 course

will be better attended than any of the three heretofore held.

The location of Superior, Wisconsin is particularly favorable for a summer coaching course. We do not think any other coaching school has so good a location. Superior is on Lake Superior, which means that the summer climate is cool and that strenuous athletic training is comfortably possible. The surrounding country is a new region with many streams and lakes and with good roads, and these, with the cool summer climate, make the section ideal for vacation purposes. Many of the coaches have enjoyed fishing, motoring, boating, bathing, etc. Living costs are reasonable and living accommodations are good. Some of the coaches who drove their cars to the courses lived in cottages on nearby lakes.

This prospectus of the *DEAF SECTION* of the Superior Coaching School is sent to officers and teachers of Schools for the Deaf to bring the Section to their attention so that they may say whether they think there is a demand for such a Section. The Section is intended for athletes--players--as well as for coaches. Every effort will be made to make the course profitable and pleasant for those who attend.

IRL TUBBS, Director,  
Superior Coaching School,  
State Teachers College,  
Superior, Wisconsin.

P. S. Since writing the enclosed letter I have been suffering from a severe cold hence the delay in mailing. However, this delay has enabled me to give you some information concerning our faculty this summer. William Roper of Princeton and Howard Jones of Southern California will have charge of football. They will be assisted by Dr. Spears of Minnesota who will lecture on line play and Joe Pipal, Occidental College, Los Angeles who will lecture on the lateral pass.

Dr. H. C. Carlson coach of Pittsburgh's great undefeated basketball team and H. V. McDermott of Oklahoma, coach of the Missouri Valley champions will conduct the work in basketball.

We hope to have Archie Hahn of Princeton give a course in track. However, this has as yet not been definitely decided.

The Coaching School will be from July 16-28.

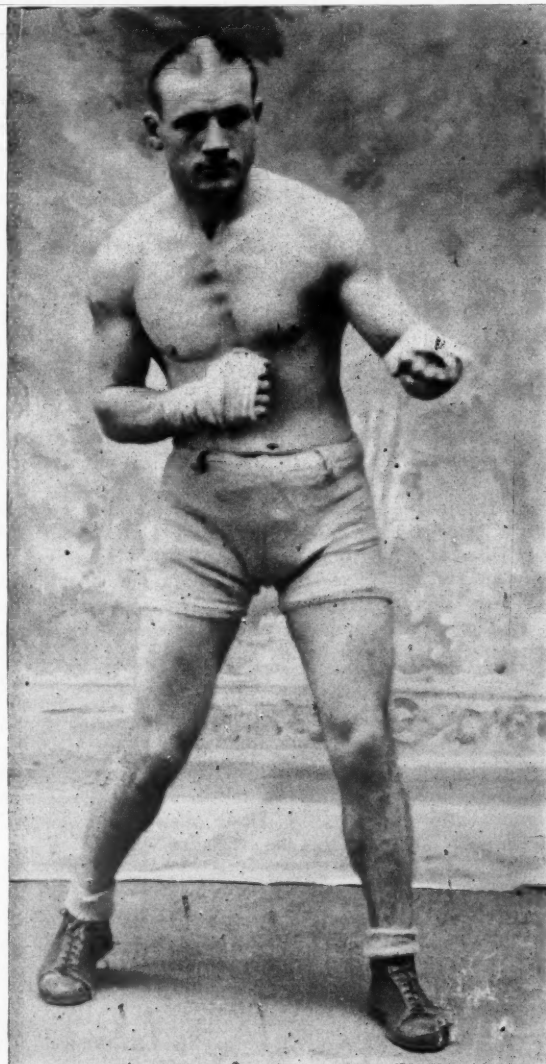
Edward A. Tappan of the University of Arizona is to give a course in plays and games the two weeks preceding the regular coaching school.



## Frank Chamerda

(Silent Moran)

**S**ILENT MORAN is one of the promising young fighters in Connecticut. Born in Hungary and came to this country when a mere lad. He was educated at the Mystic Oral school and can talk well. Learned signs and is now one of the firm advocates



"Silent Moran"

of that language. Came into prominence as a fighter when he entered the Amateur boxing bouts in New Haven during the year 1922. Won all of his battles and in the final tournament before a thousand fans and many deaf fans, he knocked out four battlers and won the Amateur Welterweight Championship of New Haven, Conn. Held that title again in 1923. After a year of retirement, he entered the profession ranks and has been steadily winning his battles and is now one of the best fighters of his class in the state. During his six years in the ring, he has won 24 battles, lost 4 and one battle ended in no decision. Never been knocked out, always was on his feet at the end of the last round. Accustomed to fighting with men who outweighed him from five to twenty pounds. His last fight was in Patterson, N. J., in February, 1928. The local papers described the fight as follows:

### FRANK "SILENT" MORAN KNOCKS OUT TOM SHARKEY.

NEW ENGLAND FIGHT STOPS LOCAL MIDDLE WEIGHT IN FIRST ROUND AT ELKS' CLUB.

That action speaks much louder than words was clearly demonstrated in the main event of the show staged at the Elks' home last night when Frank "Silent" Moran, of New Haven, knocked out Tom Sharkey, the rugged local middle-weight in the first round of a scheduled star six. Moran is a "dummy" so far as his voice is concerned, but his fists speak for themselves.

The bout lasted just about a minute and a half and during that time the Bills present saw nothing but flying fists with Moran fairly bombarding Sharkey off his pins from the very start.

Sharkey rushed in to mix his usual style and Moran never took a backward step. He sailed right into the former sailor, cut lose with a barrage of body blows and then whipped a left hook and a right cross to the jaw. Sharkey went down as if he had been hit with an axe.

Tom got up in a jiffy and rushed in to pick up the battle. Moran, however, was simply a human whirlwind that kept shooting rights and lefts to the face and body with machine gun rapidity. A torrid right to the jaw brought Sharkey down for a count of six and when he got up, Moran pumping punch after punch again floored him. Sharkey game to the core, was trying to rise when Referee Gene Roman stopped it. The weights were, Moran, 152, and Sharkey, 157½.

Now is 24 years old. Will bear watching. Now upholding the pugilistic powers of the deaf. Treading in the steps of Deafmute Burke, Silent Martin, Dummy Decker and others.



LEROY COLOMBO

*A chance to swim the English Channel will be Colombo's reward for saving two sailors from drowning. Colombo, a deaf-mute of Galveston, Texas, dreamed of matching his skill and strength against the channel ever since Gertrude Ederle started the youth to think about such things but he lacked money for the trip. A public subscription has been taken and LeRoy will leave soon for Europe.*

## With Our Southern Spokesman



THE SOUTHERN SPOKESMAN makes its official bow to the four thousand readers of the SILENT WORKER. From time to time this will be a feature of our only magazine for the deaf, and a special column to be conducted by Thomas W. Hamrick, Jr., a North Carolina deaf man who is not afraid to say things. His opinions and views are not endorsed or guaranteed by the Editor of the SILENT WORKER. Readers of this magazine will judge for themselves and form opinions of their own.

The Southern Spokesman will take care of the Dixie Association of the Deaf, and serve as its publicity agent, and conduct an information bureau for those who have questions pertaining to the new Southern movement, its sponsors and committees. Anybody having a complaint to lodge against the movement, or finding a fault with it, will kindly do such a service, and the Southern Spokesman will try to make a reply. Critics and foes of the Dixie Association will be pleased with this announcement.

A Chicago man who conducts the Windy City Criticisms has in the past few months been bitterly antagonistic towards the Southern movement. He seems to be so unreasonable in his views which in the Southern Spokesman's opinion are destructive. He has erred in his judgment, and has done the Southern movement some harm.

The Southern Spokesman will attempt to set matters aright, and fondly cherishes the hope that the Chicago critic will be glad to apologize for whatever injury done by his pen.

Readers of the SILENT WORKER will please bear in mind that this is not a controversial column, but a column to boost the Dixie Association and "press agent" it.

A definite name has not been selected by the deaf Southerners who have organized the new association which began at the North Carolina convention last summer held at Winston-Salem, famous for Camel Cigarettes. At present two names are being used, tested and tried out. The Dixie Association of the Deaf and the Southern Association of the Deaf. Let's have your vote, your views on the most suitable name. It is admitted on all sides that Dixie Association is the most popular name for the new association. Most Southerners like this poetic "Dixie."

The Southern Spokesman has just finished reading Troy E. Hill's "The Long Horns" column mentioning the D. A. D. The Texas deputy clerk and cowboy receives our hearty congratulations upon his refusal, or rather hesitation, to take any part in the *pro* and *con* arguments about the D. A. D. On the other hand, he is on the fence and will in the meantime take part in the arguments, either for or against it. If he is for it, he will be congratulated upon his loyalty to the South and his state, Texas. If he is against it, that's his business. The Texas writer is merely waiting for the right time and will let us know how far Texas goes on the new association. He says he has received an interesting letter from a Cuban sugar farmer, cattle man and plantation owner. This Cuban fellow suggests that the N. A. D. come South for convention purposes, either at Dallas, Fort Worth or Tulsa. In reply, Hill says he's in favor with the idea, but believes such a move would not be wise, inasmuch as it is a hard matter to

get the sleepy Texas people to back their association, namely the Texas Association of the Deaf, which has less than 200 active members and the Oklahoma Association less than 20, so the Texas Association will not try to get the next N. A. D. convention. Hill can get the Dixie Association to meet in Texas, since the D. A. D. has headquarters in the South. The D. A. D. is close to the door of Texas, and can be held there, if Hill and Texas can furnish the financial backing which has long been a cumbersome problem to most state associations.

The Southern Spokesman appreciates the kind words of Hill—wishing the D. A. D. good luck. Should the D. A. D. grow O.K., let the backers of it have their try. Hill does not know the backers well—these backers are prominent deaf men and women who are determined to succeed and who can't stand any ridicule when the D. A. D. fails. The Dixie Association of the Deaf has an able press agent in Alex. L. Pach who mentions it in his column. Pach, give us more publicity.

Within the ranks of the Dixie Association of the Deaf there are spokesmen, diplomats and statesmen. They are able men and women who have the welfare, happiness and progress of all the deaf at heart. They form a solid bed-rock on which the Dixie Association of the Deaf will stand. They have no desire to aggrandize themselves, but they do have intrinsically spontaneous desires to improve the conditions of the deaf and elevate their lives to a higher, better plane. Some conditions of the Southern deaf are deplorable, and the Dixie Association will seek to remedy them. What are the deplorable conditions you ask? Prejudice; narrow-mindedness; too much oralism; unfair auto laws; insufficient appropriations to keep their schools for the deaf going; their inability to complete the full school course; their struggles and hardships. The Dixie Association is a necessity, and there's more work for them to do—attending to local issues while the National Association of the Deaf specializes in erecting monuments to dead men—which is a highly laudatory thing, but not as bad as that. Watch for monthly contributions from the pen of the Southern Spokesman. Besides press-agenting the Dixie Association, he will touch upon other topics in the every-day world.

### TENTATIVE POINTS OF EMPHASIS FOR THE USEFULNESS OF THE DIXIE ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF

By J. W. MICHAELS.



S ORGANIZER for the Chairman of the Committee appointed by a number of representative Deaf people of the North Carolina Association's Convention at Winston-Salem, N. C., in the summer of 1927, to organize, "The Dixie Association of the Deaf," and to draft a Constitution and By-Laws for the said Association, I am using the tentative Points of Emphasis, of which a synopsis is given below, for the usefulness of the Association, and in doing so, I wish it understood that I have received no instructions from the chairman or any of the committee members as to what I should argue for the Association. I am simply giving my ideas of what will benefit the deaf people by organizing such an Association, and also what I will contend for when the committee meets to draft the Constitution and By-Laws to govern the Association.

Point No. 1. The Dixie Association of the Deaf will devote more observance to God than is usually done

by any of the other like associations. Each business meeting of the Association is to be opened with the repetition of a hymn or ethical poem, the reading of a section of the Scriptures or of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and a brief expostulation thereof and an Invocation ending with the Lord Prayer.

The middle day of the convention of the Association is to be devoted entirely to religion. Sermons to be preached in morning and afternoon and a consecration meeting at night. Balls and outings will be discouraged.

Point No. 2. Chaperones will be appointed to help the lady attendants. Detectives will be appointed to observe matters and have all undesirable ejected. We aim for purity and decorum.

Point No. 3. Silent Chapters of the Dixie Association will be forthwith formed in all communities of two members and up. These Silent Chapters are to be of a religious and literary nature, and are to be to the community of the deaf what the Rotary, the Lions, the Kiwanis and other welfare societies are to the hearing people. The aim being to the uplift of humanity and the purification of the community.

Point No. 4. The Dixie Association aims to establish a sort of a Home-Hotel for the aged and others without means of support, as well as for any deaf persons of good repute. The destitute to receive comfort gratis and those able to pay will do so. States desiring individual State Homes can have them.

Point No. 5. The Dixie Association aims to take under care the State associations, co-operating with and fostering them as a "DAD" would a child.

Point No. 6. The Dixie Association will issue an independent weekly or monthly periodical and include the subscription price in the membership fee.

Point No. 7. The Dixie Association will elect a regular set of officers who will constitute the Executive Committees. The committee to elect a general manager of superior intellect to manage the business of the Association, and later on an attorney to attend to all legal matters for the Association.

Point No. 8. The membership fee is tentatively fixed at five (5) dollars annually, divided as follows:

1. For the D. A. D. funds .....\$2.50
2. " " Silent Club " ..... 1.25
3. " " State Associations ..... 1.25

However, any white deaf person of good moral character may become a charter member of the Association by the payment of one (1) dollar until the committee on organization has drafted the Constitution and By-Laws and the same has been accepted. The \$1.00 fee should at once be mailed to the treasurer, Mr. Herbert Smoak, Union, South Carolina.

I have made addresses along these lines of points of emphasis in quite a number of places in the Southern States and I am gratified at the results obtained. Several Silent Chapters have formed and begun active work and rendered relief to two parties, and also prevented unjust legislative bills against the deaf automobile drivers in two states and that without passing a subscription list around for funds to pay some fellow's expenses for doing such work. I should state that we are not at all antagonizing any other association. We are for purity and the uplift of humanity among the deaf people in the Southern states and these can be obtained only by co-operation of the Southern people.

## Announcement

The Third Biennial Reunion of the American School for the Deaf Alumni Association will take place at the school in West Hartford on June 15, 16, 17, 1928.

Remember the following dates: Friday, June 15, 1928;

Saturday, June 16, 1928; Sunday, June 17, 1928.

Friday evening at 8:00. .... Reception in the gymnasium.

Saturday morning at 9:00. .... Business meeting of the Alumni Association

Saturday afternoon. .... Base-ball game. Other athletic contests (men and women).

Saturday evening at 8:00. .... Vaudeville and moving picture show.

Sunday morning. .... Mass in the school chapel for Catholics. Services for Protestants.

Sunday afternoon. .... Spend the time as you please. No program.

Sunday evening. .... Moving picture show.

Meals will be served in the school dining room. Breakfast 40 cents. Dinner 50 cents. Supper 40 cents. First meal will be served Friday evening and the last meal Monday morning.

Beds can be had in the dormitories. \$1.00 a night.

(Send in your reservations at once).

All former pupils of the A. S. D. are urged to attend. Meet your former schoolmates. Live over again the old days. A good time is promised to all.

Visitors are welcome. Not necessary to be members of the Association. Just pay for your meals and bed.

Watch the Alumni page of *The New Era* for further particulars.

Send all communications to:

F. R. WHEELER, Principal,  
American School for the Deaf,  
West Hartford, Conn.

**Directions to the school**—Take a "B" or "B-1" or Unionville "E" car, all passing the R. R. Station on Asylum Ave. Get off at West Hartford Center. Look for the sign "The American School for the Deaf." Walk about three-fourths of a mile.

Take a yellow Bus passing the R. R. Station on Asylum Ave. Be careful to read on it for "Fern and North Main Sts." Ride to the end of the line. As you get out of the bus you will see a beautiful view of the school. Just walk down a hill and turn to the left.

## TO THE DEAF

I live in a House of Silence,  
No voices call to me,  
No music breaks the stillness  
Of the dull monotony.

My home is filled with shadows,  
But its windows face the day,  
And they see the light, and wonder  
What the busy world must say—

With its myriad tongues and voices,  
And its ceaseless rush and din,  
But it's closed, my House of Silence,  
And no sound can enter in.

Yet my soul, my soul is singing,  
I can feel its ecstasy,  
And I know I'll hear its music  
In the Land of Things to Be!

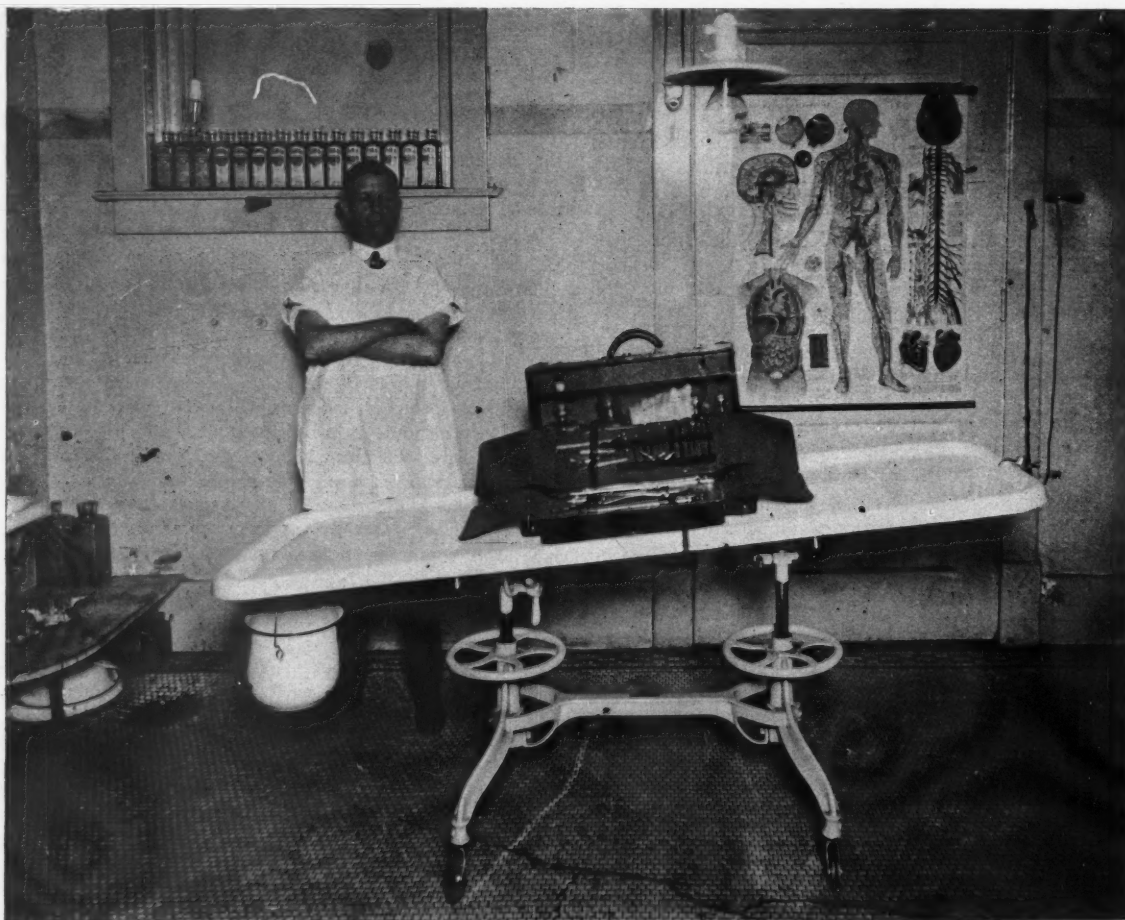
—Helen Trafford Moore.



# The LONG HORNS

"The eyes of Texas are upon you."

By Troy E. Hill



Alex C. Chaney. "Embalmer." behind his work bench with his tools spread and all set to go to work.

## "HAVE YOU DONE YOUR BIT FOR THE GALLAUDET MEMORIAL FUND?"

**A**S I HAVE said before, I have always hoped to make the "LONGHORNS" a page for the deaf people of the entire Southwest, not just for Texas, and it is with great pleasure that I present the following sketch of the life of my good friend Alex. C. Chaney, of McAlester, Oklahoma.

Writers heretofore in telling of the achievement of some local deaf person have taken great pride in claiming him or her as the only one of the deaf engaged in such an occupation. Now I don't claim Alex. is the only deaf person following his vocation, but I do say that his trade is such an unusual one for the deaf to follow, that it is well worth writing about, and I am real sure there are not many of the deaf in this trade.

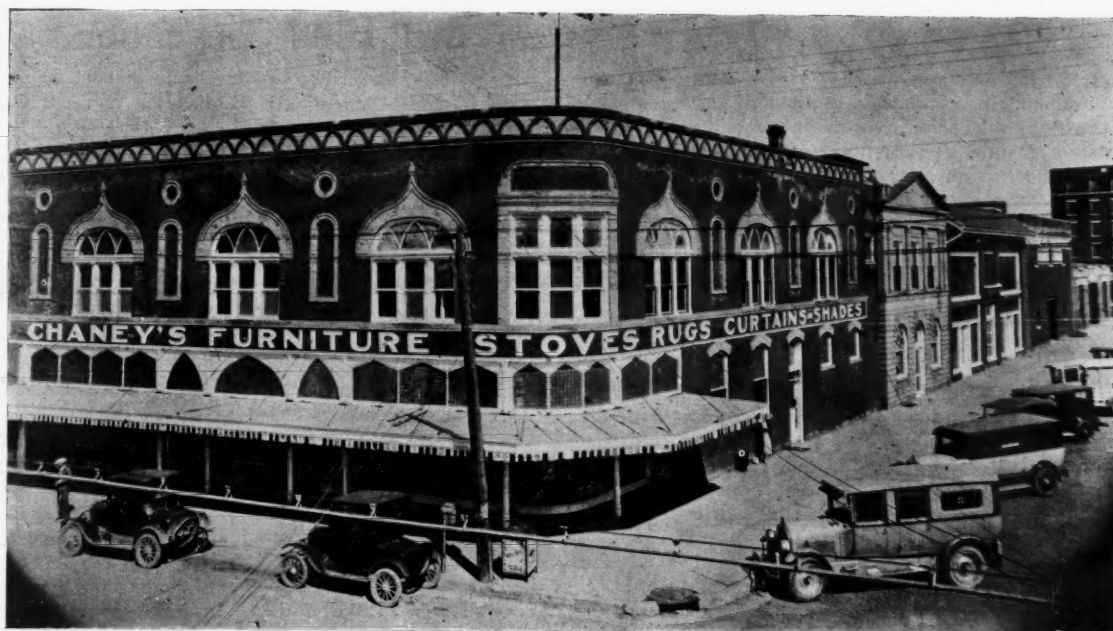
ALEX CRAWFORD CHANEY, "EMBALMER"

Mr. Alex. Crawford Chaney, the subject of this arti-

cle, was born in Krebs, Indian Territory, on November 14, 1887. As the old Indian Territory was emerged into the great State of Oklahoma, Krebs was found located in



Mr. and Mrs. Alex C. Chaney, of McAlester, Oklahoma, and their two beautiful children.



*"Chaney's Inc.," where Alex works and a corporation in which he is also a stockholder.*

Pittsburg County, of which McAlester is now the County seat.

Mr. George M. Chaney, Alex's father, was born and reared in the hills of Pennsylvania, and came West "to grow up with the country" when he was but 19 years of age. He went to Dallas in 1881 and helped build the railroad from Dallas to Cleveland. Mr. Chaney saw an account in the paper of a cyclone that had destroyed the

town of Krebs which was known as the McAlester mines and having a knowledge of coal mines, obtained in Pennsylvania, he went to Krebs. Later he moved with his



*While a pupil in the Texas School for the Deaf, at Austin, wearing the uniform which all deaf kids in those days were forced to wear.*



*Just after he started in as an Undertaker way back in 1916.*

family to McAlester, where they have all made their home since 1901.

When Alex. was seven years old his father sent him to the School for the Deaf, at Austin, Texas, there being no schools for the deaf in the Indian Territory. Later he was sent to Pennsylvania and attended Edgewood Park School for the Deaf. After statehood had been secured for Oklahoma and a school for the deaf was established there, he went to the School for the Deaf, at Sulphur, Oklahoma. It was at that school that he first met Miss Eula Roland, of Ardmore, Oklahoma, who afterwards became his wife. Alex. decided to learn the printer's trade; he worked at this in the school at Austin and also in Pennsylvania.

Alex's mother died in 1907 and he came home from the Pennsylvania School on that account and never returned there. He then worked in a printer's shop at McAlester, but did not seem to like it very much and soon quit it to go to work in his father's store. He first worked at repairing stoves, odd jobs of painting, etc. His brother, H. H. Chaney, was then just learning to be an undertaker and emblamer, so Alex. worked some with him and under the direction of Mr. C. T. Schade, who

is an expert embalmer. Alex. then decided he would like to be an embalmer, so he studied at it until he was ready to try for the state examination. As he could not take an oral examination, a Cadaver was provided and he embalmed the body in the presence of the judges and was awarded a State Embalmer's license. He received his State license on November 7, 1917. He at once went to work for the firm of Chaney's and has been doing all the embalming for the firm of Chaney's ever since. The firm of Chaney's is incorporated and Alex. is a stockholder in this firm. His brother, H. H. Chaney, is the funeral director, but Alex. does all of the embalming work.

On December 28, 1918, Alex. was married to Miss Eula Roland at Ardmore where her people reside. Mrs. Chaney attended the Texas School for the Deaf at Austin, and also the Oklahoma School for the Deaf at Sulphur, and also attended the Public school at Ardmore, and graduated. She is quite an artist, paints china and does some water colors. Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Chaney, have two little girls, Irene now eight years of age and Etta just past six. Both children are perfectly normal, and are a source of untold joy to their parents.

Alex. is member of the Fin and Feather Club of McAlester. He and his family get great pleasure out of fishing, swimming and boating on a lake belonging to this club.

Alex. Chaney is a member of Dallas Division No. 63, N. F. S. D., of long standing, and makes it a matter of habit to attend the annual Fraternivals, pulled off by Dallas Division each October, during the State Fair, and at the same time bring his beautiful wife down with him and spends two or three days visiting with the Dallas deaf people.

Alex's success in his chosen line, is just one more example of proof that the deaf can succeed in any line of work they tackle if given a fair chance to prove their abilities, with the exception of course of positions demanding the use of telephones, and with the rapid stride made in televisior, and radio picture machines, I would not be suprised if it would soon be possible for them to use the radio in place of telephones, giving and taking orders by means of signs or lip-reading. Who knows?

She: Mary told me you kissed her last night.  
Conceited (loftily): Don't believe all the idle boasting you hear.

—Louisville Satyr.



Michael Brown of New York who made a long vacation tour of Europe starting Jan. 4th. The photograph shows him starting from Vienna en route to Berlin. He toured Holy Spain, Denmark, Switzerland and other countries.

## Will Hold Convention

The Illinois Association of the Deaf will hold its fourteenth tri-ennial convention in Peoria, Ill., August 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1928.

Headquarters will be in the Jefferson Hotel.

MRS. GRACE E. LORD,  
Secretary.

## Reunion of the South Dakota Association

The South Dakota Association for the Advancement of the Deaf will hold a reunion during the summer of 1928. Sioux Falls has been selected as the meeting place and the dates are June 7th to 11th. Headquarters of the Association will be held at the School for the Deaf, through the kindness of Superintendent Tillinghast, where board and room can be had at the low rate of \$1.50 per day, paid in advance. A big program is being prepared and will be announced later.

Immediately following the close of the reunion, the Sioux Falls division of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf will keep open house. The society is preparing for a big "Frat Day" with a lively program. All deaf people are welcome to both events no matter if you are a member or not.

## Halifax, Nova Scotia

The eleventh Biennial Convention of the Maritime Association of the Deaf, will be held at Halifax, N. S., on June 26th, 27th, and 28th.

The Institution has very kindly been placed at their disposal for this convention. Those who wish to do so can have room and breakfast at the School at the rate of fifty cents per day for each person. A fine programme is being prepared and everyone is assured of a good time. No charge other than the membership fee will be exacted from the members attending any of these meetings.

A condensed programme follows:

Tuesday morning	.....Opening and business
" afternoon	.....Excursion
" evening	.....A party given by the Forrest Club (Deaf adults)
Wednesday morning	.....Business
" afternoon	.....Sports (18 events)
" evening	.....Banquet given by the Board of Directors
	Moving picture entertainment
Thursday morning	.....Business
" afternoon	.....Sight-seeing

Mr. L. Goucher, a teacher at the School is the President. His address is 24 Kane Place, Halifax, N. S. The address of the Secretary is Mr. R. Sowerby, 25 pleasant St., Moncton, N. S.

## THESE FAMILY AFFAIRS

Mother to daughter: You ought to be ashamed of yourself for coming in tight last night.

Father to mother: You can't talk; who drank that quart of gin I had in my room?

Mother to father: Well, you didn't expect me to keep on drinking hair tonic, did you?—Brown Jugo.



## National Association of the Deaf

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS, *President*, 6345 Kenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MARCUS L. KENNER, *First Vice-President*  
200 West 111th Street, N. Y. City

C. BELLE ROGERS, *Second Vice-President*  
Cedar Spring, So. Carolina

F. A. MOORE, *Secretary and Treasurer*  
School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.



OLOF HANSON, *Board Member*  
4747-16 Ave.; N. E., Seattle, Wash.

MICHAEL LAPIDES, *Board Member*  
Box 4051, Portland, Oregon

WILLIAM SCHAUB, *Board Member*  
5917 Highland Ave.; St. Louis, Mo.

*Organized 1880. Incorporated 1900. An organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf*

## The Buffalo Convention

By A. L. Sedlowsky



IN THE MARCH issue of the SILENT WORKER, Alexander Pach showed open disapproval because the publicity agent of the Buffalo Tourist and Convention Bureau referred to the forthcoming N. A. D. convention and World Congress of the Deaf as a gathering of MUTES. Most of us object to the term "mute" being tagged on us, more especially those of us who are fairly good speakers. Nonetheless the majority of hearing people still persist in terming all deafs as "mute." It is not my desire to defend the man responsible for designating the convention as a gathering of "mutes." Still I must confess that in a way the hearing people are justified in using the term. It's a sad but true fact that 99 out of every hundred deaf depend on pad and pencil to clarify their meaning. Therefore we cannot blame hearing people for choosing to judge us as a class.

I must confess I felt very much annoyed with Bro. Pach's predication that if a thousand attend the convention it would be a big affair. We have been told that for years Bro. Pach has predicated a like attendance for all deaf conventions. And as everyone knows events proved he was a very poor guesser. Perhaps it is too much for us to expect 7,000 visitors, still we think that the forthcoming convention merits the largest gathering in deaf history. For it isn't just a convention, but a triple affair. It will celebrate the Golden Anniversary of the N. A. D. It will be the second World Congress of the Deaf to be held in America; and (if plans materialize) the first statue of Abbe de l'Eppe will be erected in Buffalo. Also think of the sights to be seen while you stop in Buffalo. We believe that it is every girl's dream to spend her honeymoon in Niagara Falls. Likewise every man has a craving to see the Falls. And there are other sights worth seeing. We know that all lovers of literature have a desire to visit the Roycroft Shops in East Aurora, only a few miles from Buffalo. The late Elbert Hubbard made the Roycrofters world famous. A lot of us are the proud owners of his famous Scrap Book. Needless to say a visit to the Roycrofters as well as to Niagara Falls is planned. We verily believe the officers and board members of the N. A. D. made no mistake in designating Buffalo as the convention city. We have no desire to boast, but we feel sure the sights to be seen here are unsurpassed anywhere in the world. Buffalo is a charming city of over 600,000 and possesses plenty of worth-while interesting spots all its

own; and within easy distance of scores of world famous sights. Catholic visitors will be interested in the new \$2,000,000 church in Lackawana; motorists will derive genuine pleasure in visiting Canadian Boulevard; Fort Niagara, which is over two hundred years old, was built by the early French settlers in Canada; Boston Hills, the foothills of the Alleghany Mountains; Chautauqua Institute; Watkins Glen; Cattaraugus Indian Reservation, home of the Seneca Indians; Letchworth Park; Alleghany State Park, etc. If it's sights you look for you will find plenty of them in and near Buffalo. More than an eye-full.

The Local Committee headed by J. J. Coughlin is putting its best efforts in the venture. Over two months have been spent in making an efficient organization. On Saturday, April 28th, chairmen of the various sub-committees were selected. We wish to assure everyone interested that the comfort of visitors is our main concern. Nothing is to be overlooked or taken for granted. We have every faculty for handling 10,000 visitors or more. The local Hotel Association has placed nearly 5,000 rooms at the disposal of the local committee. A glance at the map will show you that Buffalo is centrally located. It might surprise some to learn that fully 75% of the people in the States and Canada live within a 500 mile radius of Buffalo, which also happens to be the half-way point between New York and Chicago.

How many readers of the SILENT WORKER know that in most cities in the States, as well as in other parts of the Globe, hotel prices soar when a convention reaches the town. We want to take this opportunity to assure all who are thinking of visiting Buffalo in 1930 that the same year-round standard hotel rates will prevail here during the convention. The local Hotel Association has assured us on that point. Hotel prices here are from \$1 to \$5 per day. Naturally, those who send in their reservations early will get the cheapest and best rooms.

After some figuring we've come to the conclusion that it won't cost much to take in the N. A. D. convention. Visitors from New York State, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan, New Jersey and nearby States will be able to spend a week in Buffalo at a mere cost of \$30, including railroad, bus or steamship fare. Most of the railroads in the States and Canada maintain special excursion trains to Buffalo and Niagara Falls throughout the summer months at a greatly reduced fare, in



## Soldiers' Monument Buffalo, N. Y.

*Soldiers' Monument, one of Buffalo's many beautiful memorials to her country's heroes, is in Lafayette Square, the heart of the business district. In the right of the background can be seen the magnificent structure which houses the Liberty Bank*

many cases less than half fare. For instance, the regular one-way fare from New York City to Buffalo is about \$16. In the summer one can go from New York to Buffalo and return all for \$8.50. To aid visitors further we have selected a man whose sole work will be to get the various railroads, bus companies and steamship lines to reduce their rates still more, to the benefit of convention visitors. Several special trains will be made up.

To return to Mr. Pach's article. We fear he is working under the delusion that inasmuch as Buffalo has no local talent among the truly great in deafdom, the convention must perforce be a failure. In a way Brother Pach is right. None of us here can lay claim to any special talent. He might well regard us as mediocre. Nonetheless we are a hard-working bunch of hustlers. The race is not always to the swift, nor is success always the reward of brilliancy. If perchance Brother Pach is a baseball fan he will remember the fine and remarkable showing of the Chicago "Cubs" in the 1927 National League pennant scramble. He will remember that the team boasted of no outstanding stars, and yet surprised all and sundry by their showing. It is our experience that many a star in a team of mediocre talent ends up by wrecking the whole show. We feel sure no such thing will happen here. The whole committee is working smoothly and harmoniously towards success. Our watchword is the comfort and welfare of the visitors. We

will give them something to remember to the end of their days. To be sure, friend Pach, press agents will be press agents. And good ones draw down something like \$1,000 per week, which isn't to be sneezed at.

Following is an article that appeared in the Buffalo Sunday Times April 22nd:

If plans now under way mature, in 1930, Buffalo will witness one of the most unique and unusual conventions, this city of varied conventions has ever seen.

The convention will be unique, in that it will be practically noiseless. There will be no thunderous and vociferous demands and counter-demands of delegates, at the business meetings. In fact, one may have to open the convention hall doors and see, rather than hear the caucus.

It isn't likely either, that there will be the usual noisy, boisterous ballyhoo of delegates celebrating after business meetings. Yes, it promises to be a quiet convention.

For it will be the World Congress of the Deaf and it is planned to hold it in the summer of 1930.

### WOULD DRAW

The congress is expected to attract more than 10,000 deaf persons from all parts of the United States, Canada and Europe. And to culminate the convention a huge statue of the Abbe Charles de L'Epee, the French priest, who made the first attempts to relieve the deaf, by founding a school for them, in Paris, and who invented the deaf-mutes' alphabet, will be erected on the lawn of St. Mary's School for the Deaf, at Main and Florence Ave.

Local members of the National Association of the Deaf, headed by A. L. Sedlowsky and J. J. Coughlin, are making tentative arrangements for the convention, which will also cele-

brate the golden anniversary of the founding of the national association of persons deprived of their hearing.

The National Association for the Deaf was founded 47 years ago, in Cincinnati, by a small group of deaf-mutes who have been able to materially assist each other, since the organization has grown to be one of national scope. The National Association for the Deaf, has succeeded in removing from statutes of every state, but two, the clause forbidding deaf persons from driving automobiles.

Deaf or mute persons, who show talent for any of the arts or professions are encouraged and given practical aid by the association, which has special funds for the purpose. For the past 25 years special committees have been raising funds, to finance erection of statues to benefactors of those afflicted with loss of hearing or speech.

#### FIRST STATUE FOR BUFFALO.

The first of these statues will be given to Buffalo, at the convention here in 1930, when the huge statue to the Abbe de L'Epee will be dedicated. Several prominent American and foreign sculptors are now competing for the commission of carving or casting the statue, which will cost \$10,000 to complete and erect on St. Mary's lawn.

It is planned to invite Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, wife of the President, to attend the congress here in Buffalo, because Mrs. Coolidge, before her marriage was a teacher of the deaf, in a New England institution and is still interested in the welfare of her former charges.

It is estimated that in Western New York there are about 400 deaf persons, who are undertaking the stupendous task of bringing the World Congress of the Deaf to Buffalo in 1930. Realizing that it will bring more than \$300,000 into the city, they are bending every effort to interest the business and civic leaders of the city to lend their aid, in furthering plans for the congress.

#### DIRECTING COMMITTEE.

Heading the convention committee are J. J. Coughlin, 317 Walnut; A. L. Sedlowsky, 89 Walnut; S. D. Weil, 33 Ardmore Pl, and C. N. Snyder, 58 Harrison Ave, Lockport.

And from all indications Buffalo will be host to the unique convention which will be practically noiseless and Buffalo will be richer by a fine statue, when the delegates leave."

All local papers are doing everything possible to aid the local committee by way of liberal publicity. Pictures and articles appear in all papers here regularly. We are not exactly anxious to have our names quoted in the papers over and over again. Our main idea is to "sell" the convention to Buffalo people. Visitors will be surprised with the cordial welcome extended them from the Mayor down. It is our plan to invite a lot of well-know personages to the convention, among them being Mrs. Coolidge.

This convention is going to be the greatest in the annals of deaf history. It is YOUR convention, therefore we would like to hear from you expressing your view-point and telling us what you would like us to do to add to your pleasure and comfort. We have a lot of free literature for distribution. Drop us a letter or postcard and we will gladly send you a lot of interesting news, views and information about the convention. All letters are to be sent to A. L. Sedlowsky, Sec'y Convention Committee, 89 Walnut St., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Deaf-Mute Held for Asking Alms

J. William Miller, of Philadelphia, who claims to be a deaf-mute was arrested today while soliciting alms in office buildings here. When searched at Police Headquarters, authorities say, a skeleton key was found in his possession. Following Miller's arrest Chief Walters communicated with the School for the Deaf and authorities of that institution came to Police Headquarters to interview the defendant.

They told the police that Miller was unable to give a good account of himself and suggested that he be held. The school officials also declared that a person suffering from the loss of voice or hearing is rarely compelled to solicit alms.

They say the National Association of the Deaf has a bureau which devotes its efforts toward the elimination of this evil and has reduced it to a very low degree.—*Trenton Times*.

Mr. Miller was later "sent up" for 30 days. For this our thanks are due to Chief Walters and Captain Boschart of the Trenton police. Chief Walters has known the deaf for many years. He became acquainted with them on his first "beat" in the vicinity of the old New Jersey School. He even played basket-ball both for and against the deaf in the old school gym. (if we be allowed to call it one). He says the deaf boys always gave a good account of themselves. This statement was accompanied with a wink—we wonder what the Chief had in mind.

## NEW DEVICE ENABLES THE DEAF-ENED TO HEAR: AUDITORY NERVES VIBRATED

New York.—Students of the New York institute for Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb were permitted to listen to broadcasts through a direct drive radio unit, invented by a radio engineer of the Engineers' Service Company of 25 Church Street. The new device which is called the "Deafone," consists of a piece of hard rubber resembling a pipestem attached to the drive pin of a loud speaker unit, which in turn is connected to a radio receiving set. Experts say the sound vibrations are transmitted to the auditory nerves through the teeth and jaw bones by means of bone conduction.



International Newsreel Photo.  
Photo shows Ruth Hoffer and S. A. Dickerson demonstrating the "Deafone." Miss Hoffer tunes in while Dickerson shows just how a deaf person would have to hold the device in order to hear with it. This device was tried out at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb with pupils who had some degree of hearing and the pupils heard a whole radio program for the first time.





## The Bayou City

By Gordon B. Allen

**S**OMEWHERE on the road to everywhere is a deaf young man who dances before the great arc lights of the stage for his livelihood. This young man is Daves Weinberg who is known to his stage followers as Daves Marvel of the Daves Marvel & Co. stage show. Daves Marvel appeared in Houston, Texas, at the Loew's State Theatre, Houston's million dollar show house, February 3 to 10. The writer had a chance to see him do his acts and will say he indeed is a marvel in the art.

When Daves was five years old a severe illness deprived him of his hearing. He entered the Lexington Avenue School for the Deaf, an oral institution, in New York City, but left school a few weeks before he was to have been graduated. The reason, he told me, was a desire to get an early start "out in the world." How he made his way to the stage was not revealed to the writer, but rumors have it that his first ability to dance was noted by his family who succeeded in attempts to give him a try.

Marvel keeps perfect time with the music by the vibration and by watching his director's baton. It is wonderful how the silent lad can fly around on the stage in Broadway fashion without making a noticeable error.

He says he has been on the stage 15 years and during this time he has made 16 trips to Europe and has danced before many crowned heads of that country. He says he will make the trip again this year.

Russian dances are his favorite, although he does several different toe dances. He is manager of his company

with five players, two other men and three ladies, under him.

Marvel is an expert lip-reader. In a short item about him in a Houston newspaper the interviewer stated that Marvel learned the art of lip-reading from Helen Keller whom, he told the interviewer, "was the most marvelous of all women." Doubting the statement I asked him if it were true. He said that he had met Miss Keller but she did not teach him lip-reading, but admitted saying she was a remarkable woman. The interviewer misunderstood him when he was asked a question regarding his opinion of Miss Keller.

Daves was not lonely between acts, for back stage after every act he came out and joined a group of silent friends who were always on hand to keep him company. He seems to be a very congenial fellow. Enjoys having some one with him to whom he could talk in his own language. He had one constant companion while here. Clarence Shaw, a youth from Florida, who recently came to Houston and who works at the Lamar hotel adjoining the theatre.

Daves has a deaf brother in New York, Lawrence Weinberg. Lawrence is a member of N. F. S. D. Daves is not. He says he travels too much.

Would you call this deaf young man a criminal? A young silent lad who is a former pupil in the Louisiana school was in Houston a few months ago. He seemed to be a nice congenial fellow. Next day after his appearance in Houston while talking to a group of the deaf on the street a cop came up and led him away. He was

charged with collecting money by feigning crippled or something of that sort. At the police station a soft-hearted woman, noting that he was deaf, pleaded in his behalf and the mute was released with orders from the police to leave town. He did and landed in Dallas. While talking to few silents in the Y.M.C.A. there a city detective approached and out came his "bracelets" and then onto the wrists of the young silent boy they went. He was led away. Investigations revealed that he was taken to a Louisiana town to answer charges of forgery and of passing bad checks, auto theft and other minor charges. Through the aid of his father he gained his release after spending several days in the "cooler." A few days later he reappeared in Dallas but was driven out. He came down to Houston, but in a day or two things began to get bad for him and he was again told to "highball." He's gone. Is this young lad a criminal or is he just one in the making? Is there no way that he can be led from that terrible, and later, horrible path to hell? If he is not a criminal why is he not wanted anywhere. He has parents, but if they won't or can't reform him there should be some other way. What a disgrace this one little fellow can do on the entire populace of deafdom as he travels from city to city and from town to town, begging, stealing autos, passing bad checks, and the like, and then when he is caught he is freed through the pitiful plea of some kind-hearted woman who is entirely ignorant to the ways of the Silent World. There is always a good job of some kind open for him somewhere. A good job where he can earn his means for bread in an honest way. He has just been let alone too much. The only way to change him is to let him be "taken in" and to let him stay long enough to realize the torture of being shut out from the pleasures of the world. There he can learn a trade and learn the value of work. He cannot hear the profane oratory of his fellow convicts. He has a right to choose his trade. Through some of the Associations of the Deaf the warden can be told to watch him and make him work.

Is there no other way? Is he to be left to travel the continent in stolen autos, jailed and freed again, continuing to impress upon the minds of the hearing public that we are classed with the lowly?

Isn't it funny how our old Gallaudet friends get the years mixed up. In several issues of the SILENT WORKER ranging back to the first quarter of 1926 my name has come up as an Ex-Gallaudetite and again as a graduate of that great little institution, small in size but great in its purpose. I have been Ex-'24, '27 and ex-'28 and a graduate with the class of 1924 and '25.

Please get down to brass tacks now and straighten it up. I attended Gallaudet one year 1923-24, hence this should make me an "Ex-'28" only.

My wife is a Gallaudet graduate with the class of 1925 and not 1924 or '27. She was Miss Weinona Edwards before Dan Cupid struck that fatal blow.

Here's something to think about, especially for those interested in zoology. Way back in the year of 1897 a county court house was built in Eastland, Texas. When the cornerstone was laid a few superstitious citizens wanted to prove the theory that a horned toad could live a century without food, water or air. They put a horned toad in the cornerstone of the court house, sealed the stone and went on with the finishing touches to the building.

About the middle of February, 1928, this year of

course, the old court house was razed for the purpose of building a new one. The citizens had not forgotten the poor toad in its solitary confinement. The cornerstone was opened and there the toad was apparently dead. But in a moment it began to breathe and soon opened its eyes. Its mouth had grown together.

The county judge took charge of the specimen and put it on display with the intention that if it continued to live an operation would be performed to open its mouth. The toad lived and the operation took place, but for several days the toad refused to eat. It jumped around in the display window apparently as lively as ever. He had been in the stone 31 years without food, air or water. His favorite diet is big red ants.

The county judge, the superintendent of construction, an employe and the man who actually lifted the frog from its dust covered bed, swore that it was there and that the stone had never been tampered with.

Great professors in the zoological field all over the nation were skeptical and clung to their belief that it was an impossibility; there are a few who believe it.

One report says \$2500 was offered for the famous little frog but it wasn't on the market.

What do you think about it now?

Think of the talking dog in Boston and how it could say "Hello" to a friend, "Out," when it had a desire for the great open spaces; "Elevator" when it wanted to go to his master's apartment in the hotel.

What, how, why??? Miracles will happen as the world rolls around despite all doubt and skepticism.

There is a club in New York devoted to the laziest men in the world. Any attempt by a member to hurry is punishable by a fine.

One day a member was seen driving his car past the club at a high rate of speed.

Summoned before the committee, he excused himself by saying that he was too lazy to take his foot from the accelerator.

## In Memoriam

ALLEN HITCHCOCK

March 10, 1928.

WHERE, It has been the will of the Supreme Being, to remove from our ranks forever, our Brother Allen Hitchcock; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That the Brooklyn Division No. 23, National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, has lost one of its most valuable members by his death. He was honest, active and zealous in promoting Division activities; cheerfully and unselfishly sacrificing his time, talents and energy to the furtherance of our objects, and be it further

*Resolved*, That the Division tender its heartfelt sympathy to the immediate members of the family of our deceased Brother in this, their sad loss, and

*Resolved*, That a copy of this resolution be spread upon the minutes of the Division, and that a copy be sent to the family of our deceased Brother, like copy to the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, *The Frat*, and *THE SILENT WORKER*, for publication.

JOSEPH L. CALL,  
WILBUR L. BOWER,  
ARCHIE J. McLAREN.



*The Torresdale Home For Aged and Infirm Deaf and Blind*

## A Valued Depiction

THE WORK of our society in guarding the rights of the deaf as citizens as well as its benevolent work having impressed him, the Rev. Robert Nott Merriman, rector of the Church of the Mediator, Allentown, Penna., offers the following description of his visit to the Home at Torresdale:

### **The Home for the Aged and Infirm and Blind, Torresdale, Pennsylvania.**

The spectre of dependent old age is one of those dire contingencies which haunt the mind of every man who dares to look ahead to the time when he will no longer be able to work for a livelihood. To arm himself and those dependent upon him against such a calamity, he labors and saves throughout the best years of his life. And yet if to dependent and homeless old age, we complicate the problem a hundredfold by adding to it total deafness and blindness, we may form some adequate idea of the kind of service which is being carried on at the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf and Blind at Torresdale, Pennsylvania.

I had heard of the home, and was glad to embrace the opportunity of paying it a visit, when my young friend, Mr. H. Ray Snyder of Allentown, one of the trustees, offered to drive me down. The trip was illuminating, not only by way of revealing the beauty of Eastern Pennsylvania Landscape, dressed in the sombre garb of late November, but also by manifesting the ability of a deaf man to drive an automobile with entire safety, thereby demonstrating the wisdom of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf in carrying its fight to Harrisburg in order to secure for its members the privilege of obtaining drivers' licenses. Mr. Snyder is studying for the Ministry of the Episcopal Church, and if when he is commissioned for the work, he guides his flock as skillfully

as he drove me to Torresdale, I am sure that his parish will never develop a flat tire or its members miss the narrow way that lead to the straight gate.

The Home, after a quarter of a century's existence at Doylestown, was moved to Torresdale two years ago, where it now occupies a well appointed building with annex, surrounded by well kept grounds which slope down to the banks of the Delaware river. The main structure has undergone considerable alteration since it was taken over by the society, notably the enlarging of the dining-room, the opening of the north end, the installing of an up-to-date hotel gas range, an entirely new heating system and the furnishing of an infirmary on the second floor. The Superintendent's room has been beautifully furnished by the Ladies' Committee. The present value of the Home is conservatively estimated at \$90,000. There are twenty seven inmates, eight of whom are totally blind and deaf.

The marked contrast to what is generally encountered in similar institutions, there is a genial, homelike atmosphere about the place. A spacious living room, a lounge for the men, a well stocked library, and comfortable sleeping apartments strike the visitor at once as worthy of commendation. And without, there is a wide veranda, where during the warmer months the inmates may sit in their unoccupied hours and enjoy the view out over the river and gaze far out over the expanse of the Delaware to the Jersey Shore beyond and dream the long dreams of life's late afternoon.

The meals are as varied and well prepared as modern dietetics can make them. The general health of both the men and the women is surprisingly good. Such cases of sickness and indisposition as are bound to occur from time to time are cared for by Dr. Raftery who resides in the neighborhood.

Miss Laura Ayres, superintendent, presides over the home. After a long apprenticeship at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, she assumed her present duties two years ago. Although many years the junior of many



of her wards, she is a real mother to them all, guiding and regulating the routine of the Home with an eye to comfort on one hand and economy on the other, displaying rare tact in settling the little differences that are bound to arise among so many living in close proximity, and at the same time radiating good cheer generally over the place.

Industry is encouraged among those who are able to work. Most of the cooking and general housework is carried on by the inmates. In the basement there is a loom for the weaving of rugs. And Mr. Joseph Sinkinson, who is totally deaf and blind, in spite of his infirmities and seventy years still busies himself in the weaving of baskets.

Some there are who have passed far beyond the years of active service. Notably among these is Mrs. Sarah A. Fogg, whom I found sitting ensconced in all the dignity of her ninety seven years in her room on the second floor, well, in spite of a severe fall sustained several months ago, and lovingly carried and deferred to by all. As I took her hand and noted her wonderful countenance, there came to my mind the words of Donne,

"No spring, nor summer beauty hath such grace  
As I have noted in one autumnal face."

Across the hall reside the youngest member of the colony, Grace Pearl, who now in her early youth is one of those who must carry through life the double burden of the totally deaf and blind. As I stepped into her room, I braced myself to meet a tragedy, a young person distraught and melancholy because forever removed from the precious contact with her fellows. Instead, I met the face of a smiling girl, alert and eager, evidently resolved not to allow her handicaps to serve as an excuse for not being cheerful and amiable, or an alibi for a serious purpose in

life. I noted that she had been reading when we entered. In her lap was a volume done in Braille. And I learned that here was the secret of her equanimity. Through her enforced leisure, she was given more opportunity than befalls the common lot to explore the vast fields of knowledge and romance. And as evidence of scholarly attainment already gained, over her bed hung a certificate of graduation from the academic department of P. I. D., Bearing the signature of the late Dr. Crouter. "Sweet are the uses of adversity." I have known daughters of the rich, possessed of everything life can give, without half the cheerfulness and seriousness of purpose that Grace Pearl somehow manages to maintain.

There are many other in the Home, who are worthy of special comment. Doubtless in each case, there is some heroism, some trait of mind or character, which, if told, would make an appealing story. But the telling would transcend the limits of this brief article. But, enough I take it, has been told to make it plain that at Torresdale, the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf is maintaining no usual form of Philanthropy. It is unique among the institutions of Pennsylvania. Its hospitable doors offer not only a shelter from the world for those who are so pitiable in their helplessness but a quiet retreat where kindness mitigates the hand of the proud boast of the officers of the Home that it has never asked nor received aid from the State. Outside of a small endowment, it is entirely maintained by private subscriptions. While this article is by no means intended to be an appeal for funds, nevertheless there may be some, who like myself, might welcome an opportunity to be enrolled among its benefactors. These should write to Mr. C. A. Kepp, Treasurer, 7110 Germantown Ave., Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, for further particulars.

## Minnesota School for the Deaf Hi-Y Club

**T**HE MINNESOTA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF HI-Y CLUB is made up of a select group of boys of the upper classes. The boys are elected to membership on the basis of Christian character. The purpose of the club is to create, maintain, and extend throughout the school high standards of Christian character.

The club is affiliated with the School Boys' Christian Movement of the Young Men's Christian Association of North America.

At its meetings the club takes up problems that concern the welfare of its members and the school in general. Last fall the club conducted a successful Come Clean Cam-

paign. The campaign was opened on Sunday morning with talk on Clean Literature by a churchman of the city. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday mornings, the gentlemen teachers of the School gave talks on Clean Speech, Clean Living, Clean Scholarship, and Clean Morals. The Campaign was wound up on Friday morning with a splendid address on Clean Athletics, by Mr. Loyal P. Thomas, of Minneapolis, Secretary of the Boys' Work of the Minnesota Y. M. C. A. All of the above talks were given to all of the pupils of the school and had a far reaching effect.

The Club is instrumental in securing outside speakers to address the pupils of the School from time to time.



Seated left to right: Kvien, Secretary Svenningson, Vice-President Roach, Leader Mr. Lauritsen, President Erickson, Treasurer Norman, Millan. Standing: Asbeck, Wilson, Stokes, E. Johnson, Conley, Allen, Neal, Hastings, Acker, A. Johnson, Elwood, and Hahn.



Minnesota School 1927-1928 Basketball Team

## International Congress at Prague

(Program continued from last issue, page 337)

### Saturday, July 7.

9. A.M. Further lectures on social care in the Institution of Natural Sciences, (Prirodovedecký ústav na Karlově,—Tramway No. 4, 13, 18).  
Karel Vymola, M. D., Professor on the University of Prague (Karlova Universita v Praze), President of the Association for the care for Deaf in Czechoslovakia Republic, Prague: **Social and hygienic care for Deaf.**  
**Importance of social care for Deaf.** (He will be followed by a Czech teacher of the Deaf)

in the afternoon Discussions and resolutions.

7. P.M. **Common-Dinner** in the Town-House (Obecní Dum,—Tramway No. 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 10, 11, 13, 17, 19).

### Sunday, July 8.

9. A.M. Meeting in the Institution of Natural Sciences (Prirodovedecký ústav na Karlově,—Tramway No. 4, 13, 18).

**Schools and education for Deaf in Czechoslovakia and in foreign countries.**

(Followed by other orators).

Moving of a resolution for a complete organization of the Schools and Education for the Deaf.

2. P.M. Meeting of representatives of home and foreign Associations for fixing the place and program of the next International Congress of the Deaf. Appointing of Permanent International Committee for the examination of judicial, social and hygienic questions and of the Organization of the Schools and Education for the Deaf.

### Monday, July 9 and Tuesday, July 10.

Excursions to different towns and countries of our Republic 1. **Plzen** (Pilsen): Breweries Prazdroj, Skoda-Works (Skodovy zavody v Plzni); 2. **Brno**: Exhibition of the Contemporary Culture (Vystava Soudobne Kultury); **Macocha**-Grotto. 3. **Jicin-Turnovs** The Czech Paradise (Cesky Raj); 4. **Krumlov**: The Golden Crown (Zlata Koruna); 5. **Konopiste**: Castle and Gardens.—Every guest can make his choice of the excursion that suits him best. (Wide extra-information).

### INFORMATION

The Preparatory Committee will take every effort to obtain allowances of visa-fees and fares in the Republic for foreign visitors.

Tickets reduced in prize can be obtained at the booking offices after presentation of the Congress-Card.

An Information Office will be established at the Central Station (Wilson Station) in Prague for the use of the Congress visitors (guides, lodging, suggestions, etc.). The participants can obtain information on railway-stations by Congress-clerks marked by sleeve-bands in red and white with blue letters: **M. S. H. 4. 9. VII.**

Can be sent on application: An informative Pamphlet, Congress-Card and Congress-Badge.

Foreign Associations are requested to send the applications for their members as well as the approximate number of persons wishing to participate in the Congress before March 31, 1928.

If the definitive number of guests is fixed before April 30, 1928, the Committee will be able to obtain advantages for them as to lodging, fares, tickets, etc.

We further beg to send us in advance the names of persons wishing to participate in the discussions and lectures as well as the themes of their lectures.

Congress-fee is fixed at 20 Kc (about 2½ shillings or 60 cts. for United States) including Congress-Pamphlet, Congress-Card and Badge.

The hotels selected and recommended are good houses where every one will be satisfied with lodging and meals.

In the application forms sent in advance the total number of nights to be spent in Prague must be noted. Persons who will be satisfied with company accommodation can be lodged in the Institute for the Deaf at Prague XVI., for the contribution of Kc 2—per night and person.

Some good restaurants will equally be recommended by the Committee. For the days where meetings will be held, the near Students' Home, where good dinners from 4—and suppers from Kc 3.50 are served can be conveniently used. In the restaurants the price for dinner varies from 8 to 12 Kc and more.

In the prize for circular tour through Prague in autocars (Kc 35—) all the secondary tributes (entrances, etc.) are included. Tour lasts three and half hours.

The banquet will be held in the Town-House (Obecní Dum) of Prague. We recommend evening-suits for the festive opening which will be held in the same house, further for the presentation in Town-House and dinner.

The theatrical performance will be by Deaf Members of the Theatrical Club of the Deaf "V. D. K. H.", which will celebrate at this opportunity its fifth anniversary. The pantomime performed will be "The RAPE", film-scene by Mr. A. Sedo, teacher of Deaf, Praha.

The First Prague Sporting Club of the Deaf (I. P. S. K. Hluchonemých) will arrange during the Congress football-match with Austria. The representatives of our sportsmen will have the opportunity to show their skilfulness before the representatives of the whole Europe and many other parts of the world.

We beg here to remark that the excursion to Plzen will be advantageous especially for the visitors from western countries, because Plzen lies on the railway running to their homes. Plzen is very well known by its large breweries and excellent beer "Prazdroj" and by the largest Central-European works for the manufacture of locomotives, armour-plates, canons, tractors, motors, etc.

The excursion to Brno, will show a very interesting exposition of Arts, applied Arts and handicrafts and the Stalactite-grottoes of "Macocha" and is suitable for guests from East and South-east Europe. To the guests from South and South-west Europe the excursion to Krumlov, well-known by its ancient architecture and to Zlata Koruna (Golden-Crown), which is a precious jewel of architecture from the XIIIth century is strongly recommended.

For nature-lovers an excursion into the romantic country called Cesky Raj (Czech Paradise) which is reputed by its sand-stone formations and by the large number of castles and ruins, will be very interesting.

All these excursions require about two days, together, if not made on the return journey.

The excursion to Konopiste, residence of the murdered Austrian successor, will take the guests to the places, where the world-war was prepared. The garden is interesting by its rosario.

All the excursions will be arranged by the Tourists-Club of the Deaf-Mutes "PRAGUE" (Turistický Klub Hluchonemých "PRAGUE") which will celebrate its fifteenth anniversary.

All further questions and applicants should be addressed to the acting-secretary:

PRAHA XIX. (Czecho-slovakia)  
Mrs. Jitka Haunerová, Dejvická tr. 8,

Delphus—Hey, waiter, where's my honey?

Waiter—Sorry, Sir, but she doesn't work here any more.

# Of Interest to the Housewife

(Tested Recipes by courtesy of Recipe Service Co., of Philadelphia)

By Betty Barclay

## MINT COCKTAIL

- 2 oranges
- 6 slices pineapple
- 12 mint cherries

Peel oranges and remove membrane from pulp; cut pulp into dice. Cut pineapple into 1/2-inch pieces. Put into cocktail glasses; add juice from pineapple and sprinkle with finely-minced cherries.

## COMBINATION FRUIT SALAD

Cover a salad plate with leaf lettuce. Make a square of banana slices, cutting bananas in halves lengthwise and then in quarters. Fill with grapefruit and orange slices and cubes of fresh or canned pineapple. Garnish with walnuts and grapes. Serve with French fruit dressing or cream mayonnaise.

## BANANA CANOES

- 4 bananas
- 2 oranges
- 2 slices pineapple
- Salad dressing
- Berries or candied cherries

With a sharp knife cut a section of skin from the concave curve of the bananas, and carefully take out the fruit, leaving the skin in the shape of a canoe. Pare oranges; remove sections, and cut in pieces; mix with pineapple (cut in pieces) and an equal amount of banana pulp (cut in pieces). Fill canoes with fruit; cover with Mayonnaise or French dressing; sprinkle generously with paprika; lay on bed of shredded lettuce, and garnish with berries or candied cherries.

## SWEET CROQUETTES

- 1 cup stale cake crumbs
- 1/4 cup chopped, blanched almonds or shredded cocoanut
- Grated rind 1/2 lemon
- 1/2 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 egg white
- Fine cake crumbs

Mix first four ingredients in sauce-pan; add orange juice, to moisten, and let stand ten minutes. Heat to boiling point; remove from fire; add egg yolk, and cool. Shape as croquettes; dip in egg white, beaten slightly, with one tablespoon cold water; roll in sifted dry bread or cake crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve with chocolate sauce.

## MAPLE DELIGHT

- 1 package vanilla junket
- 1 pint milk
- 1/2 cup maple syrup

Dissolve the junket powder in the slightly warmed milk, pour into dessert cups, let set until firm, then chill. Just before serving place two tablespoons of maple syrup over each dessert.

## EGG-NOG

- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- Juice of 1 orange
- Juice of 1/2 lemon
- 1/4 cup crushed ice

Beat white of egg until stiff; add, gradually, one-half the sugar and salt, and one-half the orange juice. To yolk of egg add remaining sugar and fruit juices and beat until thick. Put ice in glass; pour in first mixture; then gently fold in second mixture and serve.

## OYSTER PLANT, WITH FINE HERBS

- 1 bunch oyster plant
- Juice 1 lemon
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 teaspoon chopped parsley
- 1/2 teaspoon chopped chives
- Salt
- Pepper

Wash and scrape oyster plant. Put at once into cold water with the lemon juice, and let stand ten minutes. Cut, crosswise, in one-inch slices, and cook in boiling salted water, to cover, until soft; drain; add three tablespoons butter, and reheat. Sprinkle with parsley, chives, salt and pepper, and serve.

## LEMON CRUMB PUDDING

- 2 cups milk
- 2 cups bread crumbs
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- Grated rind 1 lemon
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 tablespoons melted butter

Pour the milk over fine dry bread crumbs; add salt and sugar, well-beaten egg, grated lemon rind, lemon juice and melted butter. Pour into buttered baking dish and bake in a slow oven (300 degrees) 40 minutes. Serve with creamy pudding sauce made as follows:

- 1 egg
- 3/4 cup powdered sugar
- 1 cup cream
- 2 tablespoons orange juice
- 1 tablespoons lemon juice

Beat egg until light; beat in powdered sugar. Add cream whipped until stiff and fruit juices. Serve ice cold.



# The Deaf World

## COLORADO STATE ASSOCIATION OF DEAF MAY HOLD ANNUAL MEETING IN PUEBLO

In accordance with numerous invitations extended to the Colorado State Association of Deaf their next annual meeting and convention will be held in Pueblo, where they will be afforded every co-operation necessary to make the meeting a success.

The following letter from the secretary is self-explanatory:

Pueblo, Colo., Feb. 21, 1928.

Geo. W. Veditz, Esq.  
President, C. S. A. D.,  
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Dear Mr. President:

In accordance with a resolution passed at a recent meeting of the Arkansas Valley Deaf club you are respectfully requested to issue a call for the regular biennial convention of the Colorado State Association of the Deaf.

The A. V. D. club invites your respectful consideration of Pueblo as a desirable meeting place when setting date and selecting convention city. A suitable meeting place, ample accommodations, etc., is assured.

Cordially,

A. J. LAMOREAUX,  
Secretary.

—Pueblo Star Journal, Feb. 24, 1928.

## CHICAGO'S SILENT CLUB

The Silent Athletic Club, of Chicago, 5536 Indiana Ave., an institution bought, owned and managed by the deaf themselves is in a very prosperous condition, according to the bulletin recently issued. It says:

"We have had many visitors here who were amazed at the sight of our beautiful and spacious club house. Some of them told me confidentially that they heard many misleading statements concerning the club, and they were under the impression that the club could not hold on much longer and many other exaggerated remarks. But after looking the place over and learning the facts about our revenues and the loyalty of our members, they were more than convinced that the club is really progressing and getting much better than the misrepresentations stated.

"We are always glad to explain our affairs to anybody who doubts the standing of the club—and if we went wrong we would admit it and throw up our hands."

Visitors from out of town are invited to the club house. To reach the club from the loop, take South Side Elevated trains marked "Englewood" or "Jackson Park," get off at 55th Street Station, and walk west one and a half blocks to Indiana Ave., and south on Indiana Ave. to 5536-38—*Illinois Advance*.

## A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF DEAF BANDS

From Mr. Fancher's article in the last issue of the *Advance*, it is now clearly understood that no longer will articles appear in their paper containing statements to the effect that the band master and the band boys are stone deaf. The

band master possesses thirty per cent of hearing which may represent anything from sound perception, word conception, or even hearing. The boys also possess varying degrees of "hearing" which is utilized in the playing of band music.

The band master does not correct and instruct his boys through the sense of vibration as was once stated, but depends entirely on his ear as to what is harmony and what is discord. This is logical and believable.

As to the name "Deaf Band" I take no issue and never have. I did not care to have the boys described as "solidly" deaf or stone deaf when they possessed some "hearing." Call it a "deaf band" but when asked to tell about the "miraculous phenomenon" explain clearly and without hesitancy that the boys possess sound perception or even a remnant of hearing for otherwise they would not be able to play any instrument.

Before bringing this item to a close, I wish to say that in all my articles on Bands, I never gave out a statement to the effect that Mr. Fancher and his boys could hear with phones or that their hearing was so normal that they could attend public schools. The last article in the *Advance* would lead one to think this, but I wish to correct such an idea. I venture to say, however, that the band master and several of his boys can hear words and comprehend them through the ear but not in the same manner as do hearing people. It is not necessary to have this much hearing to play band music. Sound perception will suffice.

At least, we now understand that deaf boys in deaf bands are not stone deaf.—*E. A. Stevenson*.

## "THE QUESTION OF UNEMPLOYMENT"

On the local page of this issue is a communication from President Allen of the Minnesota Association of the Deaf, which merits the thoughtful consideration of the deaf people of the state. Mr. Allen submits the question of unemployment and asks for discussion of it thru *The Companions*. He himself suggests that the main reason for unemployment among the deaf may lie in the state employers' liability law, and the unwillingness of underwriters to insure employers who employ deaf workers. While this may affect the deaf in some cases, we do not think it is the main reason for unemployment. There are many industries in which liability for injury is such a negligible quantity that insurance is not necessary. It would be useful and interesting to know just how many cases have occurred since the enactment of the law, in which the deaf have been turned down on account of it. We believe that they are comparatively few.

It must be remembered that unemployment is not confined to the deaf, but is quite general among the hearing also. Experts have estimated that there are at present five million unemployed people in this country. That so many people should remain unemployed while the country, as a whole, is enjoying unusual

prosperity, shows that something is radically wrong with our industrial system. It is our opinion that the chief reason why so many of our worthy deaf people are unemployed is the tendency of so many, both deaf and hearing, to flock to the large cities, with the natural result that the labor market is over-stocked, and many must perforce remain idle. It is a fact that the deaf people in the smaller towns of the state usually find steady employment the year round. Take Faribault, for instance. There are some twenty-five or thirty deaf people in the town outside of the school, and all are employed profitably and continuously, except for occasional short periods of lay-off due to ordinary business conditions.

The same is true, so far as our information goes, in regard to Duluth, Winona, Rochester, Mankato, Red Wing and other towns. It is true that wages in the smaller towns may be less than in the larger cities but living is cheaper, and the deaf are certainly better off with fairly steady work at fair wages than with only occasional work at high wages, or with no work at all. Perhaps if some of the unemployed deaf in the cities would try their fortunes in the smaller towns, they might eventually be better off.

We hope that leaders among the deaf in Minnesota who have ideas on this subject will respond to President Allen's suggestion and will discuss the matter through the columns of *The Companion*.—*Minnesota Companion*.

## INDIA'S DEAF-MUTES

One of the most familiar sights in India is the wayside beggar; he or she is to be found in every thoroughfare and outside every place of worship. The beggar's professional whine is one of the most aggravating sounds ever invented. Often it will be noticed that the usual formula in the usual whine is replaced by uncouth and meaningless sounds, for the suppliant is a deaf-mute.

India has many sufferers, but it is not often realized how large a number of them are deaf-mutes nor how hard is their lot. Silence is almost unknown in that vast land, for if human sounds cease, the animal world and the teeming insect life take up the chorus; but to all this there are thousands of ears forever deaf. The last census gave the total number of deaf-mutes as 189,644, of whom 114,249 were males and 75,395 females; one who has known India for many years points out that this is probably an under-estimate, since this represents only those known to the enumerators, and it would probably be safe to add another fifty per cent.

It is interesting to note that whereas between the ages of 5 and 15 there are 30,228 boys and 19,898 girls, between the ages of 15 and 20 the numbers are respectively 11,872 and 7,549. This seems to point to the fact that deaf-mutes are not wanted.

In England with its centuries of Christian tradition one can take for granted that special care will be lavished on the afflicted; but in the East this is not the case. Mohammedans look upon deaf-

mutes as accursed, while the Hindus assume that they are expiating sins committed in some former existence, and that they deserve all they get. As far as one can gather, no general attempt is made to teach or train them, and if they survive the hardships of the first few years they mostly swell the ranks of the beggars and live on the generosity of the passer-by.

For various reasons very little has so far been done to improve their condition. Most Europeans in the East are fully occupied with their own job, and whereas nobody can help being struck by the appalling number of blind people in India, it is possible to be quite unconscious to the existence of deaf-mutes who, it seems, are fairly evenly distributed throughout the land. Moreover, the church Missionary Society and others who are alive to the need are at present unable for lack of funds to launch any fresh venture.

Two facts emerge from any study of the subject; one is that the need is tremendous; the other that the work is well worth doing.

Dr. Forchhammer has said that "There is nothing in the brain of the deaf to prevent them from learning to speak just as correctly as those who hear," and this has been abundantly proved in the few schools for deaf-mutes that already exist in India. The general opinion is that not only are they as intelligent as the average normal child, but if anything they are more intelligent, what they lose in one direction being made up to them in another. They can be trained to lip-read and to speak, though the latter is a very long and tedious process, sometimes taking as long as ten years. They readily take to composing, mat-making, knitting and other manual work, and can be turned out useful members of the community. It is probable that if the new methods of teaching were introduced, so that by the use of apparatus class-teaching could take the place of individual work, not only could larger numbers be helped but the time taken in teaching them could be greatly reduced.

There are at present fourteen institutions in India, of which some are municipal, some private, some mission; but these schools cater for only 475 children between the age of 5 and 15, so that less than one per cent. of the deaf-mute children are being educated.

Work for deaf-mutes is recognized as specially difficult and expensive, but difficulty is not a reason that should hinder the Christian Church when once she has understood the need and heard the call to help.—*Gladys I. Mather in The British Deaf Times.*

#### SIGN LANGUAGE IN PROPER SETTING

Despite the plea for a pure English atmosphere in our class rooms, it is an undisputable fact that the sign language when properly handled has no equal when the problem of conveying one's thoughts to an audience of deaf is concerned. This fact was clearly brought home to us on Friday evening as we witnessed an address on Northern Africa delivered by Mr. Henry L. Stafford, of Duluth, Minnesota. Mr. Stafford, who was educated by the pure oral method and who did not come in contact with the sign language until seventeen years

of age, generally converses by finger spelling, but in his lecture he resorted exclusively to the use of signs, which were so clear and gave such a lucid picture that even our tiniest tots felt as if they were in the desert and riding on the backs of camels. The general disposition of the camel and the manner in which the "ship of the desert" is managed by the Arabs, was so real that we doubt if any lecturer addressing himself to an audience of children ranging in age from six to eighteen, could have made himself more clearly understood had the children possessed hearing and he had used the spoken language. Through further describing the religious and various other quaint customs of the Arabs, their mode of dress, etc., the children were able to gain a great deal of information concerning Northern Africa.

The educational value of knowledge thus obtained cannot well be refuted, and even though the smaller child cannot translate these new ideas into English, the same criticism could be made with equal force to the inability of a deaf child to reproduce what he had witnessed on a moving picture screen, and certainly this would not constitute an argument against deaf children attending moving pictures.—*Maryland Bulletin.*

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An illustrated magazine-newspaper  
for the Deaf

Published every two months

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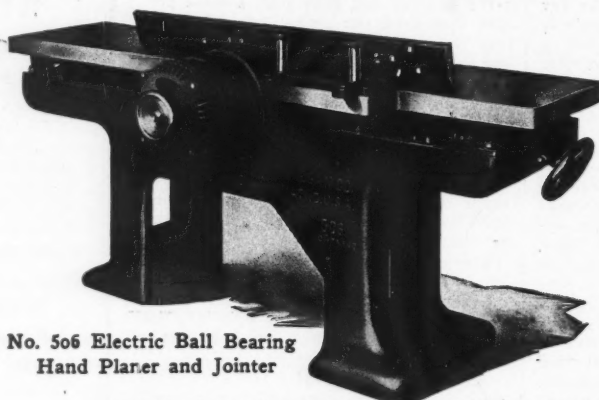
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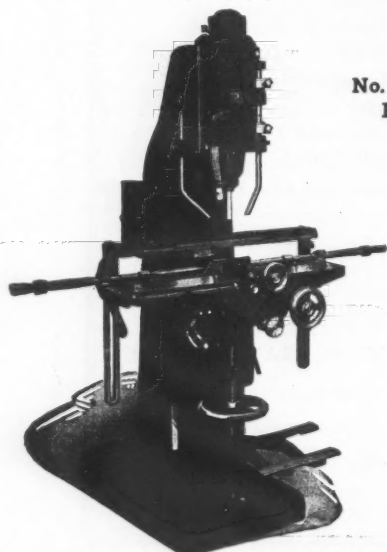
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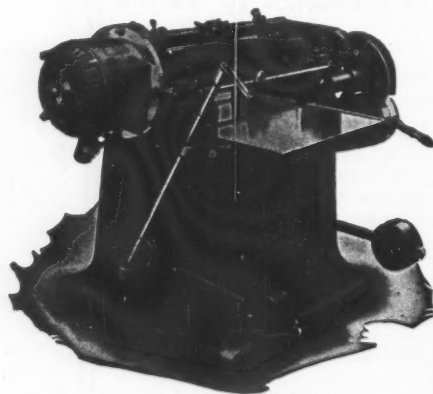


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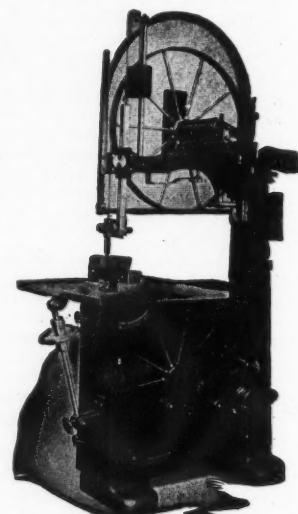
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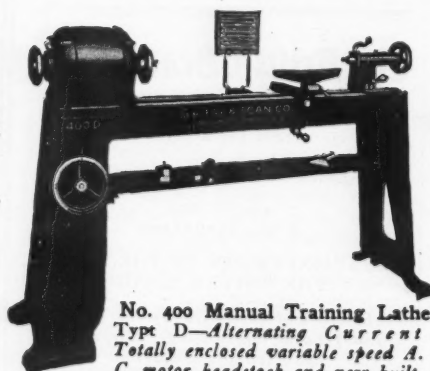
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# ILLUSION

*By L. H. Randall*

Once when twilight soft had fallen  
By the margin of the lake,  
When the Whip-poor-will was calling  
And the stars were all awake,  
When the moon in plates of silver  
Played upon the ripples, lo!  
Neath the somber oaks and mosses  
Vaguely moved a shadow—slow.

Now it paused as if to listen:  
Hark! I heard a stifled moan;  
No, the night wind chill in passing  
Caused some creaking bough to groan.  
Now the phantom seemed to waver—  
Ah, some lover keeps a tryst;  
But the moon in climbing higher  
Wove the shadow into mist.

L. H. RANDALL